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THIS EDITORIAL WAS TO BE ONE WHICH WOULD ADDRESS ITSELF TO A CENTRAL ISSUE for people serving prison sentences. It was going to describe how eight prisoners from this medium-security penitentiary could be whisked off into the night in a bus headed back to maximum-security at Dorchester Penitentiary, without the benefit of a hearing or means to defend themselves. It was to be an article which addressed itself to a profound truth about prisons, one that would leave us all knowing to what degree the authorities consider our individual lives when "the good order of the institution" or society is held in juxtaposition.

Well, I can't write that editorial — not only because rumour has it that all the people ghosted out in the night will be returning soon, with their scars reparable — but, more importantly, because I have just been told that LINDA PYKE IS DEAD.

LINDA PYKE, for those readers who missed reading her poetry in our magazine a couple of issues ago (taken from her book of poems, PRISONER, published by MacMillan and Company) was a Toronto poet of thirty-one, whose poems reflected prison experience in a manner so penetratingly perceptive her words left me feeling I had learned what she was talking about from her instead of from sixteen years of first-hand experience. Her poems reflected the eroticism and vitality of an extremely dynamic personality; someone whose imagination touched everything she wrote with colour and beauty and love. Her insights left me feeling I knew her; what I thought I knew, I loved.

But love has an odd way of concealing truth, sometimes.

LINDA PYKE was far more than I had imagined. Not only was she a poet whose work said as much about prison experience and what it is to care about someone who is caged by the system as anyone before her has, and probably ever will, but she was, without ever having been inside a prison cell, herself a potential prisoner of another kind of physical restraint. LINDA PYKE had been living out of a wheeled-chair since birth. The malady she suffered from, fragilitas ossium, had left her dwarfed, with legs like tiny stumps. But, was LINDA PYKE, the poet, imprisoned by her physical handicap? Not in this life she wasn't.

Her poems soared. She had an irreverence for authority which could only come from someone who understands that it is the individual who is the ultimate authority. Prolonged feelings of guilt and its ensuing despair have no place in the psyche of a healthy human being. To truly sin is to deny responsibility within one's self for a human failing. That denial is for those who look outside themselves for punishment, reassurance through public atonement, which tells them they still belong within the flock. LINDA PYKE'S poems reflected the truth of this understanding, and did it with the power of love, beauty and understanding.

Because she was the dynamic personality she was, being physically bound to a wheeled-chair provided her with one more reason to transcend the obvious. She categorically refused to consider herself a "victim" and she went about demonstrating beyond any reasonable doubt that she was in fact superior. When describing why she wouldn't write poems which dealt with her physical condition to a friend, she said, "What's such a big thing about walking?"

When she spilled from her wheeled-chair and died on a Toronto street in the month of December, she left at least one person behind knowing her truth. No matter what the circumstances, human beings can always transcend, can always become better than they've been, can always be more than they think they are. How can I, a person with good health and a life to live, ever allow myself to think like a "victim"? By self-indulgent snivelling is how.

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!!!! CAUTION !!!!!

The COMMUNICATOR is an adult publication, and as such will use language commonly used by prisoners and other adults & groups. SWEAR WORDS, though will be restricted to the FICTION SECTION so that those who are offended by the sight of FOUL LANGUAGE can avoid being exposed.

It is also true that we publish items from time to time that express views we don't agree with; however, since we are a forum for diverse opinions, and since opinions are like noses -- everybody's got one -- we will defend to the death the signing author's right to take care of himself. If you read something that provokes you, write down your feelings and send them in; otherwise, take a Bromo and forget it; or, perhaps, re-think your position and tell us about how that happened.

No person in authority over prisoners necessarily agrees with the opinions expressed herein, although they do allow us to publish providing no staff names are used in a negative context and opinions do not get passed off as facts.

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'We broke all the rules; I really enjoyed the feeling'

ROBERT SARTI
Staff Reporter

The Vancouver Sun
November 1979

 It's not just the mileage (5,000 kilometres' worth) that separates the B.C. Penitentiary from Millhaven Institution here at Bath on the shores of Lake Ontario.

There's a time gap, too.

Millhaven has no towering, fortress-like walls, no fake medieval battlements, no mouldering century-old pile of stone and steel that stubbornly refuses to give up the ghost.

In fact, this maximum-security bastille looks more like a modern prefab college campus, with its squat, dark grey, nondescript buildings surrounded by a double fence seven metres high.

There are three coils of flesh-tearing concertina wire atop each of the fences, and that wire, along with the airport-style watchtowers placed strategically on the perimeter, is really the only obvious sign of Millhaven's true role.

It's a unique role in the Canadian prison system.

Because deep inside the institution, cut off even from the "general population" of prisoners, is the Special Handling Unit, the super-maximum deep freeze for the two dozen or so men considered by the authorities to be the most dangerous and the most rebellious in all of English Canada: the hostage-takers, the escapers-with-and-without-violence, the guard slashers and killers, the prison riot and political strike leaders.

This is no old-fashioned, concrete-and-steel lock-up. Everything in SHU is done electronically — doors unlocked, food served, orders given, prisoners watched — so the keepers can keep as far away from the kept as possible.

SHU is for the men who cannot be "handled" in the solitary confinement units in the penitentiaries of their home regions. Not even in the notorious "Penthouse" atop the B.C. Pen, where conditions were so brutal that the Federal Court of Canada branded them "cruel and unusual punishment," in violation of the Canadian Bill of Rights.

WHY?

When we asked Sun staffer Bob Sarti why PAGE FIVE should devote 80 precious column inches to his profile of a career prison trouble-maker he replied — to offer an answer to another why: why do they do it?

"Like many other daily newspaper reporters, I've been frustrated for years by the rigors of covering prison events on a deadline," he said. "You almost invariably get only one side of the story — the administration's. After all, you can't just put a call in to solitary in the middle of a riot and say, 'Can I speak to Andy Bruce or Steve Hall, and please make it snappy, because I need it for four star'."

Said Sarti: "Prisons are big news in Canada. Prison riots are front page events, and more are coming. But the connection between the incidents is hardly ever made. Instead, what emerges is a series of high-profile but seemingly unrelated events initiated by individuals whom the public knows nothing about beyond their names and criminal records. We can only guess at the rioters' motivations. A poor basis for coming to grips with a serious public issue."

So when Sarti was back east recently on other business he took the opportunity to, as he puts it, "stop by" Millhaven and maybe find an answer to that elusive, why. And in his report — date-line: Bath, Ontario — maybe he did.

Sarti is 36 and a 10-year Sun reporter whose experiences in the line of duty have included a brief free-sample sojourn in B.C. Pen solitary and being called in as a mediator by Oakalla prisoners during a protest sit-in.

Mac Reynolds
Page Five Editor

Many of the men in SHU are half a continent or more away from home, and from the families and friends who would visit them. (A similar unit has been established near Montreal for French-speaking prisoners.)

But even if they're from Ontario, it's a daunting task to find this remote spot nearly 300 kilometres east of Toronto.

There's no regular public transport that's of any use in getting here, and only spartan facilities nearby to stay overnight.

The fall colors were out in full dress and it was a relatively balmy day when I hiked the four kilometres from the bucolic hamlet of Bath (pop. 600). But I couldn't help shivering at the thought of trying to get here for a visit without a car in the dead of Ontario winter.

I was here to see one of SHU's "public enemies"—B.C. version. I wanted to talk to him about how friendship blooms in solitary confinement.

In the last couple of years four alumni of the B.C. Pen's Penthouse have graduated to SHU. All four were involved in the unsuccessful break-out attempt at the Pen in January 1978 that resulted in a week-long hostage drama in the visiting and correspondence(V&C) area.

Two of the four, DAVE BENNETT and RALPH SAUMER, are "working their way out" of SHU, and may be heading back in the new year to the Pen or possibly to the new maximum security prison near Edmonton.

The other two, ANDY BRUCE and STEVE HALL, are slated for long stretches in SHU. They have been clearly identified as defiant and escape-hungry, and the authorities are taking no chances.

Anybody who reads a newspaper in B.C. knows about Andy Bruce. His nine years in solitary confinement at the Pen and his three hostage-takings and numerous escape attempts have made him a symbol to prison reformers and to capital punishment advocates alike.

Steve Hall, on the other hand, is as well known outside the walls. He has come to public attention in B.C. mainly for two incidents at the Pen. First, when he stabbed himself with a sharpened screwdriver in the summer of 1977 and then hijacked the ambulance in a vain bid for freedom. Second, when he stabbed and critically wounded a Pen guard during the V&C attempt a few months later, an assault for which he is now serving a life sentence.

**"I DON'T
THINK OF
MYSELF AS
A PRISONER,
AND I DON'T
INTEND EVER
TO ...**

**I WANT MY
FREEDOM,
AND I'LL DO
WHAT I
HAVE TO
DO TO
OBTAIN IT."**

They were acts of a desperate, escape-obsessed man who is willing to go all the way once he's decided on a course of action. A man prepared to risk death, or to inflict it, in pursuit of his freedom.

That helps explain why Steve Hall, at age 29, is respected and even feared, by many prisoners and guards in prisons across Canada.

Even though he may have caused as much mayhem inside the walls as has Bruce, Hall cuts a completely different figure on the prison scene. His adversaries -- prison staff, mainly -- seem to view him with more detached tolerance than they do Bruce; with grudging admiration, almost.

I first noticed that phenomenon at the trial last winter of Vancouver prison activists Betsy Wood and Gay Hoon, charged with helping Hall and Bruce and the others in the V&C attempt.

Wood and Hoon beat the charges, thanks in part to the prisoners' key testimony absolving them.

A number of guards and prison officials also testified, and while they were willing to detail Hall's lengthy record of escapes and violence, they didn't denounce him in the terms they might have used for someone else. Terms like ruthless and cynical.

Later I asked some of Hall's friends and acquaintances about that relatively benign attitude of the authorities.

They told me stories that in a different context might have merited a write-up in Boys' Own Annual--tales of unswerving dedication to one's comrades, of heroism, and, above all, of self-sacrifice.

The thread that ran through the stories was solitary confinement, and the horror of months, and even years, of sensory deprivation and loss of human contact, of physical and emotional abuse, and the strong bond that develops among people who have undergone such an ordeal.

I learned that Steve Hall felt so strongly about solitary that he was willing to put aside considerations of his own safety and well-being in order to try to help his friends still inside.

Especially his friend Andy Bruce, who had been in solitary the longest.

For instance, in the summer of 1976, when he was legally on the street after serving a nine-year term for bank robbery, Hall took part in another bank job, at the Brentwood Mall in Burnaby, for which he was promptly collared and sentenced to 15 years.

Hall didn't have to take on the Brentwood job. He was making out okay with various other scams that he had going (his friends wouldn't say what they were).

But he went to Brentwood. He did so because he wanted to help a friend of his, who had just broken out of prison, to "get back on his feet" (his friend needed the money) and because he figured he could use his part of the take to help finance a break-out attempt by Bruce, and possibly others, from solitary.

Similarly, in the V&C attempt Hall would have had an easier job of it if he had tried it on his own, or with a few allies from the general prison population. But he insisted that Bruce had to be included. And that made the plan much more complicated, because solitary prisoners are brought to V&C only in a chain-link body belt and under special guard.

Hall volunteered for the job of getting the keys to the chains away from Bruce's guard.

The result: a life sentence for Hall for stabbing the guard, while the others got only five extra years for prison break.



Before they even let you approach those double fences at Millhaven you have to take everything out of your pockets and pass inspection by an electronic scanning machine such as they have at airports. All you keep is your driver's license, for ID.

Proceed to the first fence. The gate slides sideways on rollers, opening wide enough to let one person cross over. There's not a guard in sight. It's done electronically from high up in the guard tower, 30 metres away.

Enter the five-metre "dead-space" between the two fences. First gate slides shut, second opens. They're never open at the same time.

The visiting area is in a building directly in front of the gate. There are TV cameras at every corner inside, and the staff have three monitors in front of them to watch all the action.

No old-fashioned prison bars here. Just decorative steel-imbedded-in-concrete trellises that keep the kept inside.

The area for "closed" visits (no physical contact) is a narrow windowless corridor bisected by 10 booths. You look at the person on the other side through a double-thick class partition, and you talk to him through a barred grate. The closest you come to physical con-

CHRISTINE . . .

Ms. Christine Manuge came to Springhill Institution in January of 1977 to set up the Occupational Exploratory Training program. With many fans among the people who have participated in the program, O.E.T. is designed to guide new arrivals to the institution into occupational situations consistent with their abilities and potential. Ms. Manuge left Springhill for a new placement in Saint John, New Brunswick at the end of the year, where she will be working in the therapy department of a psychiatric hospital. I met with her the day before she left and we talked about her experiences here at the institution for more than two hours, amassing three-and-a-half sides of cassette tape and seventeen pages of single-spaced typescript. Phewww.... The following is excerpted from that meeting.

 We met in one of the Psychology Department offices, which, when you know Christine, isn't all that surprising... she has a way of turning up everywhere and anywhere. Christine placed herself behind the desk in the corner of the room, full-moon face smiling out at me. I sat on the far-side, the patient-side. The tape-cassette recorder on the desk between us created no obvious barrier. It quickly became something we could play with, something to manipulate, something to do all the work... or so I thought, until it came time to type up the transcript of what was said. As was always the case whenever I had occasion to speak with Christine Manuge, the conversation began with a laugh, and we then got down to business:

BOB... Okeh, Christine Manuge, how about some biographical notes? You know, like age, education, kind of work experience, stuff like that.

CHRISTINE... 'keh. I'm 27 years of age, did an honours B.A. in psychology at Dalhousie... graduated in '74, went directly from there to an M.A. in psych at Lakehead University in that fine city of Thunder Bay, Ontario...

BOB... Beautiful country...

CHRISTINE... Ah, yeh, yeh, city's not too much of a hell but the... or at least, it's a big hell, I guess. I then went from Lakehead back to Nova Scotia and did my thesis. I was working part-time with the City of Dartmouth in Recreation in Aquatics, which is really the only work experience I had outside of my M.A. internship...

BOB... Aquatics?

CHRISTINE... Yeh...

BOB... What's that?

CHRISTINE... Swimming.

BOB... Oh, I see...

CHRISTINE... Yeh, I ran the swimming program in Dartmouth for... well, for quite a while. I started off as a Junior Lifeguard when I was in High School and worked my way to the top.

BOB... Did you have any contact with that Lady who is now... what? the Canadian Champ?

CHRISTINE... Nancy Gerapeck?

BOB... Yeh.

CHRISTINE... No... She's in Halifax. We didn't... I have had a lot of contact with kids, competitive swimmers and so on, but no-one who made it to the Olympics. Susan Maitland might make it this time, I don't know. But she'd be the closest one in Dartmouth that is the calibre of Nancy Gerapeck, that's for sure.

BOB... So then, your work experience has been really restricted... to... ah... (laughing)

CHRISTINE... Yeh...

BOB... To, ah... what you're doing and swimming pools...

CHRISTINE... Yeh... and running... an administrator... you know. I had a staff of about forty in the summertime and about thirteen in winter.

BOB... How long were you there?

CHRISTINE... Well, it was over a... period... I guess in terms of any administrative kind of thing, it would be over a period of about five years.

BOB... Five years?

CHRISTINE... Yeh. Like, I resigned from there when I came to work here in January of '77.

BOB... From what I've been picking up around the institution, you have been vocal, pretty outspoken in various situations here. How does that come across with reference to... you know, prisons have traditionally, and still are, managed by male administrators. If there's an arm of government that's chauvinistic, certainly prisons are it. Obviously, (laughing) they make good and sure they keep the sexes apart. How has your experience here been on that score?

CHRISTINE... Well, I guess, here in the institution I've had my ups and downs when it comes to staff. I think with senior staff, you know, even from the outset, there may have been some things they may not have agreed with me on but I don't know if that was so much a question of me being female as me being seen as a very young person coming in here; and coming in as a supervisor, which, of course, they relegate a lot of responsibility to a supervisor, and certainly I've had a lot of responsibility in the sense that I've never had anybody breathing down my neck to see if I'm doing the job or not, either from Halifax, who really are my supervisors, or from within the institution. But, I think senior staff have been open with me: not always giving me what I wanted but they know I'll be back kind of thing. From the point of view of other staff members, in some cases, I guess, yeh, I've seen some cases of actions or behaviour that I feel can be directly attributed to the fact that I'm a woman. Unfortunately, because I'm vocal, there are male staff members that I feel are threatened by me because they figure that come hell or high water I'm going to get what I want, and if I have to knock somebody out of the way then I'll do it. I don't see myself as being that way, although I would say of any characteristic that prison brings out in me it's probably my aggressiveness. You know, I don't really see myself, really and truly, as being all that aggressive, although that's certainly the image I convey here. But, uh...

BOB... Why would prison bring that out in you?

CHRISTINE... I don't know... I mean, if that's a coping mechanism or what the hell it is, you know, I really can't say; but, of any single characteristic of my personality that comes out, that is probably it...

BOB... Germaine Greer would have a lot to say about that... Have you read THE FEMALE EUNUCH?

CHRISTINE... No.

BOB... Oh, really... you ought to have a look at it. She's an incredible woman.

CHRISTINE... You know, I think I've had the support of staff but I agree with you, I think that this region is pathetically slow in getting women filling major roles other than clerical support staff. I'm not trying to knock clerical support staff—without them we would have nothing, and especially in this business where we have to push so much paper. If they weren't there pushing it for us then nothing would get done here. But, when you look just at Dorchester, for example; Dorchester has two federal employees (Christine is employed by the Nova Scotia Department of Education under contract with the federal government) who are women. One is working front-line, tailor shop instructor; the other is in an assistant warden position, finance. Where are we in Springhill? Nowhere... when I walk out of this institution tomorrow, you won't have one female staff member who has any kind of one-to-one contact with inmates, any more so than when asking a guy to sign his release papers or his temporary leave papers

GETTING STRAIGHT

"GETTING STRAIGHT" will appear in each issue. The basic theme of each item will be attempts at looking at old notions in new ways; in other words, challenging basic values --working at getting it straight.

(from Letters to the Editor
Kingston Whig-Standard)

EDITOR'S NOTE: On July 22, Guy Edward Prince hanged himself in his Joyceville Institution cell. Two fellow inmates testified at the inquest that Prince, 21, was deeply depressed because his "old man" (his homosexual lover and protector) had been transferred to Millhaven. Assistant Crown Attorney Jack McKenna told the jury that from Prince's last words it was evident that he had been raped and beaten by other inmates.

Sir:

So you would kill me, too, because I had a friend in jail.

You and your people would do this to sell your papers, to entertain your readers at my and the boy's expense. You couldn't put him to rest with a little thought for his pride and his family.

You talk of young boys being raped! How you savor those words! How you love this kind of sensationalism for your people to read out there.

Well, I'll tell you. I've been in jail all my life. And I will die in Millhaven and you and your kind will see that I do. And no-one will give a damn. Just as you didn't give a damn for Guy Prince and all the Guy Princes you murdered in the past and you will kill in the future.

You talk of the Year of the Child. How can you do this, when you use them up and throw them away like empty beer cans. You use them to trap criminals, you use them to sell your goods. You sell them out, then throw them in the streets to fend for themselves.

In all the 40-some years I have been in and out of jail, I have seen about two bonafide rapes, both in riots. Rape is not tolerated in jail and the person or persons responsible for this kind of action are beaten half to death or run into protection (cells), never to return to the general population of the prison or prisons again.

You, the public, commit more of this kind of crime in one day out there than we, the convicts, commit in 30 years and if you have money you get away with it.

Now, if you think this is a lie, read your stinking papers! Members of Parliament in Ottawa were going to a house of prostitution, all boys. None of them are in here. You beat your children to death. One in 1,000 go to jail. You send the mothers and fathers for counselling. But to hell with the children. But let the children make one mistake and you land on them with both boots.

Well, I made friends with Prince and I got to know him better than he knew himself. I knew all the little things that no one knew, or now will ever know.

I'm the one who was there when he was all dressed-up and waiting for a visit that never came. And I was the one who made him stop sniffing thinners and glue, when his father went out of sight. No letter, no visit, no nothing. He wrote a dozen letters, no answer. Well, I was his friend and I was there to dry his tears. Where the hell were you? If you and yours

had used the time or even half of it that you used for your inquest and that crap "you went through" to help that boy, he would be home now.

What do you think his sister, brother, mother and father think of you and your paper and the system you represent now? When me, a goddamn nigger, took better care of your child then you ever did. You failed. Not me.

I've gone through all this all my life and I am used to it. So you kill me, I don't give a damn anymore. Nobody comes to see me, no one writes me letters. So when I make a friend, I make sure I do everything I can for him. And regardless of your dirty little minds I will keep helping them.

I have befriended about 12 boys or children in jail and only ONE ever came back. And that, with all your bullshit, is a hell of a lot better than you or yours ever did, and that was without any so-called sexual favors or anything else that you can think of.

GUY PRINCE WAS NEVER RAPED IN JAIL, NEVER. So how do you take that? And I wonder why you did not mention that the people you call "animals" collected \$1,100 or \$1,200 for a headstone for him. Most of them have nothing but a few dollars that you and your vengeful public allow them for smokes, soap and other things in here. They gave all they had. They were beautiful and I love every damn one of them. Make something dirty of that.

You take the word of two cowards that had to be put into protection themselves for helping to cause that child to pack it all in.

The one had the gall to say "I forgive you. But you ain't my friend anymore." No one was his friend. He was a bigmouth and a fool.

The other one was with me as my friend and was almost as good a friend as Guy was. Yet he talks this crap on me. Well, he knows that I know him and he also knows me. I will add this; his name was the first one that came to my mind when I was told my friend was DEAD.

Jesus Christ had 12 friends.

How many were there
when he needed them?

So who is this Black Boogymen
to cry?

And if he does
who will listen?

GUY PRINCE DID

And when he died so did I.

Sammy Cleveland
Millhaven Penitentiary

P.S. I feel that it is only right
that you print this letter. You
have had your goddamn say; now let
me have mine.



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HUNGER

So here I am,
Gone to the shore
Of the powerful
And uncontrollable

For a taste of freedom

And find a paved path
With safety signs.

I feel humiliation
Turn to frustration,
Then anger
Become a little red
Sign.

I break from the path
And kick the sign
Off the cliff.

As I perch
With the front halves
Of my feet over
The ledge,

Hunched with my knees
Tucked under my chin,

I savor the salt air,
The night of waves,
The weight of the sea.

© William Oandasan
New Mexico 1974

A.A. BANQUET

by bob eby

"SCOTCH AND SODA, HERE'S MUD IN YOUR EYE" is the opening line to an old DUKE ELLINGTON jazz standard which has stayed with me over the years. It has always left me feeling only slightly melancholy, its wistful tune reminding me that I am not the only one who knows what it is to feel lonely. That tune, for some people, spells out a different message though; and its a message that keeps ringing in the ears of those who know it. The message is that scotch and soda really is mud in the eye of certain people, and I met a number of them when I was invited to attend the Alcoholics Anonymous banquet, Saturday March the 1st, in the auditorium here at Springhill medium-security prison.

The Springhill FAITHFUL GROUP is the longest-standing group at this institution, having been founded back in 1969—that's eleven years of service within a prison population which contains a high percentage of people with "drinking problems." People who wouldn't be here, they say, except for the effects of alcohol abuse on their systems; people who for the most part are ordinary men and women, except for the fact that consumption of alcohol is something they can't contend with.

Sitting in the back of the room, watching the guests and FAITHFUL GROUP members come into the auditorium, I couldn't help being struck by how friendly and easy they were with one another. Eight A.A. groups from all over the Maritime provinces were there: 36 freemen and women, with about 45 guys from the prison population. They came into the room in two's and three's, all with a quick smile and handshake for the first person they encountered. There were no last names used in introductions, just a friendly, "Hi, I'm Dave S. or Mary B." because Alcoholics Anonymous is exactly that... anonymous. No-one uses their last names, in this the most apolitical, non-sectarian, non-denominational social group I've ever come across. They do not involve themselves in controversy or politicking—their only interest is in keeping themselves sober, and in helping their fellow members remain that way. The way they do it is through offering a support system for anyone who will admit to themselves that alcohol is poison to them, alcohol will do nothing for them except drag them down, turning them into people they don't want to be.

The banquet itself was a good example of how they support one another and foster friendship within the group. JOE J., Chairman of the Springhill FAITHFUL GROUP, called the meeting to order by introducing himself, proclaiming himself an alcoholic with the simple words, "I'm Joe J. and I'm an alcoholic." MARK S., Secretary of the FAITHFUL GROUP, then stood, introducing himself the same way the chairman had, and went on to explain what A.A. is about. The bottom line to what MARK S. said was that in order for a person to overcome the effects of alcohol, one must first learn to be honest with oneself, through admitting that alcohol is now, and always will be, poison in the alcoholic's system and only total abstinence will free him/her from it. He spoke of the futility that exists in an alcoholic trying to overcome the disease on his own: alcoholics need one another, they need the help that comes from sharing and caring about themselves and those around them.

DAVID S. stood, reciting from The Twelve Steps. The Twelve Steps are the path that every member of A.A. is following in his/her effort to attain good mental and physical health. DAVID S. explained that these steps were the only way an alcoholic was ever going to get him/herself straightened out. And, like membership in A.A., The Twelve Steps are there for the asking... all you need is a desire to change and the willingness to try the A.A. methods.

JOE J. summed up DAVID S's recitation and remarks, as he did each time a speaker took the podium, by re-emphasizing that no-one is a Saint, that we all need help, that we're only human and are bound to make mistakes and need help again. "A.A.," JOE J. said, "is where you will learn to accept who you are, and it is that acceptance which will eventually lead you to a better life."

Another DAVE S. took the podium and read from The Twelve Traditions, which explain how A.A. groups function. The one tradition that struck me as being particularly profound is Tradition Number Five which states, "Each group has but one primary purpose... to carry its message to the alcoholic who still suffers."

JOHN P. stood and explained that because the Springhill FAITHFUL GROUP is situated inside a penal institution, it is necessary to have a set of special traditions for their group. The edict that left the strongest impression on me was his opening remark when he said, "Our primary object is not to get out but to stay out." He also explained that membership in a group inside a prison necessitated each individual concerning himself with the reputation of the group as a whole, even more so than would be necessary on the outside.

DREW H. then stood and told his personal story—how he went from sneaking drinks at eight to being a full-blown alcoholic at 18 with a life sentence for murder as a result of a drunken brawl. He spoke of growing up in A.A. and how he was grateful to a couple of his friends in Ontario for turning him onto the A.A. way of thinking. A.A. to him is summed up in the old saying, "Wise is the man who learns from his mistakes, but wiser still is he who learns from the mistakes of others." To DREW H. this is the strength that A.A. is... people learning from one another.

RAY M., also a lifer after having killed during a drunken brawl, described the life of a youngster who couldn't face his loneliness and depression without the numbness of alcohol. He explained that alcohol was his crutch, it was alcohol that made him feel comfortable with himself and gave him confidence; but he also pointed out that it was alcohol that turned him into something he would never have been if it weren't for the insanity that overdoing booze brings upon people. He explained that what he was seeking while chasing the bottle and its pacifying comfort, a comfort that disappeared the morning-after each drunk, he found in membership in Alcoholics Anonymous. He told us that he has learned to respect himself and now cares about himself in a way that he never could before. He is grateful to A.A., both its inside membership and the outside people who so faithfully come in to share the FAITHFUL GROUP'S experiences and meetings.

JOE J. again summed up the speaker's remarks; this time pointing out that it is the "one day at a time" philosophy that makes it all possible. "Life can't be lived all at once," he said, "One day at a time is all any person can be expected to handle and understanding that is what will make A.A. work for you."

RON ARSENAULT, the Social and Cultural Development Officer for Springhill Institution, as Liaison Officer between all the groups here, suggested that if anyone was to ask him for a set of rules or guidelines for forming a new group inside the prison, A.A. would be the model he would use. He said that the Springhill A.A. FAITHFUL GROUP is the oldest group in the institution because it has always had the respect of both the prisoners and the prison administration. He then presented two outside A.A. members with plaques of appreciation from the FAITHFUL GROUP. DOUG G., who comes in every week to meet with our guys, was cited for his dedication and help; as was MITCH L., who drives 100 miles round-trip from Buctouche. DOUG G. has himself been in institutions like Springhill and he thanked A.A. for giving him eight years of freedom from both alcohol and institutional life. MITCH L. praised A.A. for helping him regain his pride. He stressed that A.A. is synonymous with acceptance—no-one is ever rejected at A.A. He stated that self-hate put him down but A.A. picked him up. "Listening is what God meant us to do," he said, "If this were not true, He would have given us two tongues instead of two ears and only one tongue." Everyone laughed when he said this, but we all knew what he meant. Which is another strength of the A.A. approach... there are no "professionals" in A.A. Everybody has as much chance at explaining things as the next guy. No one person is any better or worse than the next guy... we are all people, people with understandings and insights which can be passed along to others.

ERIC M. got a TWO YEAR SOBRIETY CERTIFICATE and HUGH R. and JIM W. got ONE YEAR CERTIFICATES. There was much handshaking and pleasure expressed during this ritual. ERIC M. told his story. Again, although the subject matter was very serious and involved a man telling how his life was ruined by alcohol, he was still able to tell it and give a laugh or two along the way to those listening. A.A. takes its aims very seriously but the individuals I met all manifested a good sense of humour and considerable humility.

Sixteen-year old KEVIN N. stated that he began drinking at 14 because he was lonely, and like all others, he explained that alcohol did nothing for his loneliness except to make his situation worse.

MARN S. from one of the outside groups stated that A.A. membership is giving once and getting back ten times. He told the audience that he had no trouble relating to prison experience because he too could have gotten a life sentence for murder through alcohol abuse. He also spoke of the loss

cont. on p.48

THE LATE GREAT

UNIT EIGHT



by Al Baltzer

I WOULD ASSUME THAT YOU, the reading public, have fervently been waiting, with great anticipation, the latest news from NUMBER EIGHT. There has been a slight dry spell here with only one major incident, which I will not elaborate upon but leave to your imaginations. Besides that the gang has generally been behaving themselves. As a matter of fact things have been so quiet here that I'm not even sure I really have an article to write. Nobody wants to read about the goings on in a morgue, do they? However, my responsibility to you demands that I at least babble on a bit... so have patience.

The first thing of notoriety was the pizza feast, or did I already tell you about that? It went off so good that we're considering doing it again. You see, its actually to everyone's advantage that occasionally these little treats are given us. We take our meager resources, put them together in a pot, dish the pot out to one small shop owner, and low and behold we have stimulated the economy. If we did it often enough a new employee is hired, which means we don't lose one more down-Easterner to Alberta, and if things really got good a chain opens up. "Hurrah for C.P.S. and its ability to generate an economy!" Did I say that! Damn right I did. I just wish I could explain exactly all the ways they are doing it, but I'd better just stick to NUMBER EIGHT.

Well, we've lost, or are losing, a lot of famous people of late. It's a good thing C.P.S. has got lots of money because they're going to have to hire someone new just to keep the door greased out front. Yes sir, that proverbial headless chicken has changed form a little these days. We got grade A-1 and grade A-3 headless chickens now. Why? Well, you see, someone forgot to tell a lot of young people that they should behave themselves, even if they can't find a job to do so with. The situation then is simple. An overcrowded prison, so crowded we're squeezing them over fences, out doors and some have even got bus rides in the dead of night. What this means for NUMBER EIGHT is

simple... paroles, paroles, more paroles and even more parolees. Well, I guess that's okeh. You get tired of looking at the same old faces all the time. Too bad they couldn't parole staff as well. (Ooops! I shouldn't have said that.) Ah, what the heck, the feeling's probably mutual. Of course, I've been around so long now I'm just part of the furniture, and besides that I've got Bernie the Canteen Man on my side. We'll Stu something up and Bob it around if the heat comes down.

So far I guess I've been forcing you to read between the lines. Up front, some good news is our ball hockey team is still in first place at mid-season. We've been fortunate not to sustain any major losses in personnel; but that's about to change, so who knows what'll happen in the home stretch.

I almost forgot about B Range. That's where I live, and boy, did we ever get shit. Somehow we've become famous right from here to Ottawa, and the ultimatum was to either clean it up, and our acts—foot-loose, fancy-free and fun loving as they are— or else! So we did. Or at least I think they think we did. Of course, maybe we did! You see, its not what you do or don't do that counts. Actually, you don't have to do anything. The catch is that they must believe you did something.

Ah, what the heck, I guess I've babbled on enough. Haven't said a damn thing have I? What this column needs is some inspiration. Actually that time-tested old adage, no news is good news, is true. But it makes for dull reading. I should sleep in tomorrow morning and get charged. Now that would be inspiring! Jesus, would I ever write an article then! Yaaahooo....

1st Newfie: Lord tunderin' Jesus, B'y!

2nd Newfie: Lord tunderin' Jesus, B'y!

Nth Newfie: Lord tunderin' Jesus, B'y!

1st Albertian: What did they say?

2nd Albertian: Lord tunderin' Jesus, B'y!

Nth Albertian: Lord tunderin' Jesus, B'y!

1st Ontarion: What did they say?
2nd Ontarion: Lord tunderin' Je-
sus, B'y!
Nth Ontarion: Lord tunderin' Je-
sus, B'y!



N-N-NUMBER N-N-NINE

by Alex Beliwicz
Unit Range Rep

Well, I've been asked to write about the things that have happened in our unit over the last month or so; but, as you all know there hasn't been much going on.

The most excitement around here has been the night before someone goes home, when he gets a shower by some of the fellows.

It's been pretty good for the boys going up on the parole board lately, because it's been so overcrowded here since Christmas... the big fellows up front can't wait for someone to leave so they can

fill his cell again....

The T.A.s are starting to come back, finally. There's one this month and another one in March sometime, plus the skating and hockey T.A.s put on by the gym personnel.

In sports, well, we're not doing so good but at least we're putting in a good fight. Just wait till the playoffs... then we'll show them we are the best.

Well, I guess that's all I have to write this time. Let's hope there's more to say the next unit report. So long.



PIZZA THERAPY IS ...

It's finally over... a year of discussion on the purchase of a new Tee Vee. It seems as though the discussion has been going on for ever and the funny thing was that almost everyone was in complete agreement on a purchase from the start. The more money we gathered, the more it looked as though the price got farther out of our grasp.

The unit has been a bee hive of activity lately. There is a monogrammed T-Shirt sale planned for sometime in late March to be run by NUMBER TEN. There will also be an-

other PIZZA NIGHT. We had hoped it would be earlier but because of the Accounts Department being swamped by Trust Fund Forms the administration has designated alternate months for each unit to have sales.

The big event in the unit lately was the BALL HOCKEY game between staff and the guys. I would like to thank both staff and the guys for their participation. It seems the stand-out performer for the staff was Cecil; he was definitely the "Spark" of the team.

The unit BALL HOCKEY team has been doing quite well lately, with the steady guidance of injured defenceman AL BURNETT. The word is

Al will be back in action soon and will hand over the coaching duties to ALEX (PUNCH) STEPHENS, who we're sure with his past experience as a hockey player will be a great asset to the team.

We have been quite lucky with T.L.A.s lately. We have had a swimming T.A. and a bowling T.A. where KEVIN had a great time. He finally learned the ropes: he burned GLEN MANTHORNE (our Classification Man) for the cost of the bowling— Great go's, Kevin! The staff is now arranging an ice hockey T.A. where they plan taking their revenge for the humiliating defeat handed them

at the gym -- one so devastating that I dare not mention it here.... We all look forward to hearing the outcome of the hockey game.

For the information of the other units, AL BURNETT is now in charge of the video tape recorder. If the units are interested in having anything taped for showing later, we are sure Al will do everything in his power to accomodate them.

That's about all for now from UNIT TEN, and in closing we quote from one of the "long-winded" members of the unit, the Great Gadou, "SEE YA BUDDEE." 🧑

ELEVENTH

by Hadji

Idatollyahso

HEAVEN

GREETINGS ONCE AGAIN BELOVED BROTHERS. Here for all to see is another tale from my mystical pen to enlighten your minds and enliven your lives. Of course, our lives here have been unusually lively of late, as a number of our Brothers of the Green have departed suddenly in some mysterious (Ha!) fashion, known only to those who are, supposedly, in the know. We deplore their loss and trust that there will be no further depletions in our ranks. Congratulations are, however, in order to those who have left and who are leaving in a more acceptable fashion, and to more pleasant destinations, such as the Land of the Tree-cutters. Hopefully, they will do less damage to themselves than to the trees.

Much has changed in the whole of the Land, not only in Eleventh Heaven, since the last time I took pen in hand to address you. I was made aware of these changes as I gazed into my Crystal Cube (Known to the un-enlightened as Tee-Vee) on the magical night of February 18th. Beware the Ides of February! As I sat in my usual semi-comatose state, behold I saw in the Sacred Election Returns the fall of He (Who?) who sits (sat) in Ottawa and the Return of

the King, as had been foretold to me by the Ancient Sage of the Ninth Heaven, the Mystic Gandalf. It had generally been believed that the King was dead, but Gandalf in his wisdom foretold a resurrection soon to come, and behold it came to pass!

We are indeed fortunate to have in the Land a sage as wise as Gandalf. In many ways he reminds me of my guru, BABA BUFORD. I remember, several lifetimes ago, in my youth (yes, I too was once young), when I was seeking a Teacher to instruct me in the mysteries of Kundalini Yoga. In a trance I reached BABA BUFORD, who told me even he knew of no-one who could instruct me in Kundalini, but, he said, he could instruct me in Hatha Yoag. I was saddened at this news until in his wisdom, BABA BUFORD spoke and said, "Remember, My Son, Hatha Yoga is better than none...."

On this note I will leave you, my Dear Brothers, until the next time, with another word of wisdom from BABA BUFORD:

"The Lion is a Noble Beast,
he stands upon Truth
and Honour is his Shield
He need not fear the Weasel
who can only nip at his Heels.

AS I SEE IT



by Dan McCarron
"Opinion: Capital Punishment"
Amherst Daily News

IF WE'RE GOING TO DO IT, SCRIBE SAYS DO IT RIGHT

THERE MAY BE SEVERAL GOOD ARGUMENTS FOR CAPITAL PUNISHMENT IN THIS COUNTRY, which private Progressive Conservative MPs could articulate for us later this term. If so, we ought to stop killing criminals furtively, as though it were something we were ashamed of, and do it out in the open— as was the case following seizure of the Sacred Mosque in Mecca.

The Elizabethans, who firmly believed in capital punishment, made it a public spectacle. This makes sense. If the thing is to have a deterrent effect, as its champions assert it will, then the more people who witness executions firsthand, the more widespread the deterrent ought to be.

Any lout who is contemplating chopping up his mother to profit from her insurance is more likely to have second thoughts if he has actually seen another miscreant hanged and sliced into quarters than if he merely read about it between the comics and the hockey scores.

Until well into this century, public hangings were a North American commonplace, a form of educational entertainment in the smaller towns. People travelled for miles to watch them and went home, presumably, to reconsider their plans for villainy. When executions were moved into small private chambers inside penitentiaries, their instructional value declined. It was as if something shameful were being done, instead of a deed to improve social conditions.

The public, which ought to have been profiting from the lesson, was excluded rigorously, tickets being limited to newspapermen, prison keepers, a priest or parson, doc-

tors and policemen— society's footmen. Eventually, capital punishment became sidetracked in a search for technical efficiency. U.S. states, for instance, began priding themselves on fine new gadgetry—the electric chair, the gas chamber. We kept the rope.

In any event, either case was a way of missing the point completely. If Canada is going to deter criminals by dispatching their colleagues, the warning ought to be as messy and unpleasant as possible. It should not be a model of efficiency concealed from everybody who can profit from the demonstration.

If we restore capital punishment, it should be given back to the people. Is there any reason why it should not be carried out on television during prime time, just as are other important public events, like national party conventions or premiers' conferences? Executions, after all, would be instructive examples of government in action; and since we are accustomed to seeing people killed in the living room after supper, no argument against them can be sustained on grounds of bad taste.

Executions on television might also dispose of the problem of mechanical techniques, which so troubled this country when it was fretting about gallows traps. This macabre technology could be discarded if the condemned were sentenced to fill the roles of persons due to be rubbed out during an evening's entertainment.

In a war show which calls for soldiers to be run over by a tank, seven or eight doomed felons dressed in army clothing and placed under the tank treads might provide not only a stark example to deter

prospective criminals but also some livelier entertainment than this sort of show usually produces. As in Sesame Street, instruction and entertainment would occur simultaneously.

If we restore capital punishment, there is no logical reason for not reviving other forms of physical retribution upon criminals. When a country is empowered to assault a criminal fatally, it should certainly have the right to commit less-damaging physical assaults for lesser crimes. It seems senseless, for example, to let a country kill a man for murder but deny it the right to cut off his hands for theft.

A scale of assault levels permitted a country for criminal punishment is easily drawn up. Spies might have their eyes gouged out. Muggers could be branded for easier recognition on the street. Wife-beaters might be flogged, shoplifters be shorn of an ear, and incurable double-parkers notched on the nose after the fifth ticket.

It is possible, as some people argue, that this sort of punishment would have no deterrent effect whatever on crime. In this dispute, I have no opinion. But it would certainly make for more-gripping television. Are you listening, Robert Coates?

NOW WHEN YOU ESCORT
AN INMATE TO NO. 6,
YOU DO IT GENTLY
AND WITH TACT.



WHAT IF HE ASKS
WHY HE'S GOING
AND RESISTS ME
A LITTLE?



WHO SAID THIS?

The streets of our country are in turmoil. The universities are filled with students rebelling and rioting. Communists are seeking to destroy our country. Russia is threatening us with her might, and the republic is in danger. Yes, danger from within and from without. We need law and order! Yes, without law and order our nation cannot survive . . . Elect us and we shall restore law and order. We shall by law and order be respected among the nations of the world. Without law and order our republic shall fall.

Excerpt from a campaign speech made in Hamburg, Germany in 1932 by Adolph Hitler. I'll bet you thought it was Richard Nixon... I wonder why that would be?

ENTERPRISONS

Keep your prison reform to yourselves.
All your liberalism and goodwill,
isn't going to get your money back.
I have studied your penal system for many years.
There are no easy answers,
because the questions are too easy.
Public relations is my specialty.
As a freelance convict of the Endless Treadmill,
I am fully qualified for the job.
If there is to be anything done to improve.
One thing is to STOP, STOP, STOP!
Stop building...stop accepting.
It isn't too late to reverse the process.
All you have to do is stand up and be counted,
or pay me enough money and I'll go away.

THEN YOU STOMP
ON THE LITTLE
MUTHA UNTIL HE
SAYS 'UNCLE!'





A ROSE GARDEN... IT AIN'T

by bob eby

THE DRIVE TO THE SHULIE LAKE FORESTRY CAMP from Springhill medium-security takes about an hour-and-a-half. Its not the kind of trip one spends time counting the minutes, as is usually the case when being transported across the countryside in a Penitentiary Service vehicle. The road to Shulie Lake meanders its way through numerous little communities that cling to the roadside, in country that is typical of Nova Scotia. You ghost along through near-mountainous areas for a few miles and then break-out into open farmland, with a brook or small river cutting its way through the fields. And, like the rest of the province, you are never far from the ocean coast, where steep rock faces of the Minas Basin drop down to the ocean floor, cradling small inlets and bays that in turn shelter a homestead or boat dock... a small beach. Its the kind of country where you wouldn't mind being beached for a while, allowing yourself to sink into the bucolic atmosphere, taking a breather from the everyday hassles of life in the main.

The camp itself sits about twelve miles back in the bush up Paarsboro way. The road in from the highway twists and turns its way through acre after acre of solid bush, trees blighted by the Spruce Budworm, land owned by the SCOTT PAPER COMPANY, where in summer the black fly rules supreme and winter keeps you on the move to stay ahead of the cold. Beautiful country... demanding country. Country where the environment dictates an honesty you don't find within the confines of concrete buildings with floors tiled with wall to wall people.

The camp opened in June of 1976. The production end of the operation is owned and operated by the SCOTT PAPER COMPANY, who have five fulltime employees there to manage, instruct and set an example for the Day Parolees in their charge during the working day. When the men are back in the camp, they are supervised in their off-hours evenings and weekends by six Living Unit staff, and under the joint jurisdiction of the National Parole Service (because of their Day Parole status) and the Correctional Service Canada.

The camp, from a production point of view, exists for one purpose—the men being trained and working in the woods are there to cut wood for the SCOTT PAPER COMPANY. And when you walk into the camp, you know that it exists for that purpose. The Day Parolees live in three trailers that contain five rooms each. Some of the workers have a room to themselves but most share with another guy. The rooms are about half again the size of a cell at Springhill, leaving little room for mid-night parties and such. There are no frills. It's a bush camp. Even the Rednecks crying out for more austere prison conditions for prisoners wouldn't find the Shulie Lake Camp distasteful... it is designed to keep you warm and dry, giving you a place to sleep, eat, shower, hang your hat, shoot a game of pool, read, watch a little television, play some cards, maybe throw a game of darts, but that's about it. The camp is designed to keep you comfortable enough to get a good night's rest so you'll be ready for a day's work in the bush, but you'll not find many of the creature comforts of home to lollygag amid. It's a work camp... no mistake about it.

(Scrawwwk... it's a bummer, it's a bummer... scrawwwk -- from a big, black crow sitting on top of one of the trailers....)

But it is a work camp with a difference: when I met KEITH MILLER, a big roughneck kind of guy who has spent twenty-five years in the bush and is responsible for "getting these turkeys into shape," his first words to me were, "We don't have to drive these guys... they push themselves. We've had some really fine fellows working here and it is a pleasure to watch some of the younger ones learn how to work and enjoy the sense of pride they get from that. We're really proud of some of our guys. Let me show you the difference between how our guys clear-cut and what the outside contractors do... our guys are as good as you'll find anywhere."

JOHN ORR, a smaller but equally as quiet kind of guy, who gives off an energy that you just know is looking to get on with the job at hand,

LOVE POEM

"...my desire for you
is not trivial," Adrienne Rich

My desire
for you is
trivial
skin deep
far as it
goes down to
the superficial wisdom
of the
nerve endings

witness
the utter lack
of gravity
my eyes
by candlelight
the selfish exploration
my kiss
narcissism
my naked flesh
flexed muscled
arched over
shamelessly shallow
this gasp
that flicker one
twitch long

it is
consummately
trivial how
I want you
meant
to fall against your psyche
like an eyelash
rest upon your heart
like that drop
you were never sure
was rain

trivial
on purpose
to defy possession
it takes
this desire for you
it takes
rare grace it
takes profound power
to take you so
lightly.

© Mary Beth Ross
Cazenovia, N.Y.

NATURAL LAW

Deep in the shade
Of the forest, a hunter,
Armed for survival,
And the victim, an old bear....
He chews bits of bark,
Taking a step at a time,
Upwind, twenty steps from her,
Unaware of the plot. She
Positions her piece, taking aim,
Centering on the heart.
Her finger slides
To the trigger, slowly tensing
To spring the lever.
No one will witness
This killing but trees,
Grass and insects locked
In their own struggles.
Even nature lies
As if asleep,
Powerless in making
A quick end of it
As it is in preventing one.
The light of life,
High above the drama,
Shines on.

© William Oandasan
New Mexico 1974

FAMILY VISITS REDUCE TENSION AT ATTICA



By Karl Polzer
Staff Writer
Kingston Whig-Standard

ATTICA — The maximum-security penitentiary where 43 men were killed during a 1971 riot—is one of three New York State prisons with a successful overnight family visiting program.

Under the state correctional system's 'Family Reunion Program' which began in 1976, Attica officials brought three house trailers within the walls of the prison.

And since 1977, a large number of the prison's 1800 convicts have taken turns visiting their wives, parents, children and other family members in the privacy that the trailers afford.

An extended visit offers family members two whole days alone together. A typical visit might begin at 10 a.m. on Monday and continue until 8 a.m. on Wednesday.

Located 40 miles southeast of Buffalo, Attica contains about 200 more inmates than the combined population of the 10 federal prisons in the Kingston Area.

"I think that this program—letting them get together once or twice a year—does help prolong marriage. It does help bond a family," Attica superintendent Harold Smith said in an interview.

"When fellows leave prison, they are usually going back to some family. Sometimes, the family unit is very poor. I do think that if a guy is gone for 10 years, it's pretty hard for a woman to stand by."

The state has appropriated funds to extend the family reunion program to five other prisons next year and to expand the program at Attica, said Louis Ganim, a spokesman for the Correctional Service Department of New York in Albany.

"We've had a lot of success. We think it's a good program," he added.

Smith said that although the program has helped ease the tension at Attica, it is impossible to gauge how much.

"I think it's a valuable tool because you tell a guy: 'If you

don't behave, you don't get to partake in this program'" Smith said.

The program allows wives—but not common law wives and girlfriends—to visit convicts who have been on good behaviour.

"Inmates with very heinous crimes like sadistic rape and murder would not be eligible," the superintendent said.

Prison officials search packages that are brought in during visits, but they do not search the visitors themselves, he added.

"Speaking openly, they could bring something into the trailer if they wanted to—say some marijuana," Smith said. However, after the two-day visit, the prisoners are "strip-searched" to prevent any contraband from entering the institution.

"We haven't found any security problem," Smith said. "We've had no incidents. Just about the worst thing that happened is a couple of children got sick and we had to take them to an outside hospital. But that turned out to be minor."

Although he could not cite an exact figure, Ganim said the cost of the program is minimal considering the annual budget of the state's prison system is about \$250 million.

After the initial cost of buying the trailers, the program meant that Attica had to hire a co-ordinator and a secretary, but no additional staff were needed, Smith said.

The program is open to those inmates who must wait more than one year to be eligible for temporary absences, during which they can leave a prison to visit home.

Smith said that although some of the convicts who are not eligible for family visits may feel somewhat jealous of the others, in most cases "I think they're happy for those guys who have the visits."

A few of Attica's married convicts "don't believe in it," he added. "They don't want to bring their wives into this situation."

Because hundreds of inmates qualify for the private family visits and Attica has only three trailers, the men must wait months to take their turn. "They sign up and, when they finish a visit, they sign up again," Smith said. ♀

by Karl Polzer
Staff Writer
Kingston, Whig-Standard

SWEDEN'S PRISONS SMALLER THAN OURS

SWEDEN AND CANADA ARE OFTEN COMPARED and have many things in common, but their prison system is not one of them.

While the two nations share conditions such as cold climates and an acid rain problem, they differ dramatically in how they punish law-breakers.

Clas Amilon, the deputy head of Swedish prisons, who is visiting Kingston's prisons this week, said his country's penal system is decentralized and strives to be close to the community.

Sweden's prisons reflect not only a different philosophy than Canada's, but also a more stable society:

- * Sweden, with a population of 8.2 million people, has 72 prisons, of which four are designed for maximum security.

- * A typical Swedish institution has room for 40 (forty) inmates.

- * One-third of the approximately 10,000 Swedes who serve prison terms each year are guilty of drunken driving. They are put in the same institutions as more serious offenders—murderers, thieves and drug dealers.

- * Except in Sweden's four maximum security prisons, security is lax by Canadian standards. "In 1977, we had 2,500 escapes directly from institutions," Amilon said.

- * Most convicts serve their time near their homes and families. They are allowed conjugal visits with their husbands or wives.

In an interview yesterday, Amilon said that in Sweden 10,000 civilian volunteers work to help integrate the prison population with the outside world as much as possible.

"Inmates are frequently granted home leaves and other temporary absences," he said. "Of course, we have maximum security institutions as well."

The few maximum security prisons are for hard-core, repeating and dangerous offenders.

"We have a group of professional criminals. That is particularly true with the drug branch. Drug dealers are a constantly increasing group," Amilon said.

Convicts are assigned to a maximum security institution on the basis of their characters, not the crime they committed.

"A murderer can be a threat to other people, but he usually is not," Amilon explained.

The "vast majority" of Swedish prisoners serve their time in small, local prisons which, although fenced, do not particularly appear to be prisons at first glance, Amilon added.

Canadian prisons, in contrast, are security conscious and large-scale.

In the Kingston area, for example, Millhaven penitentiary, although half-empty, has the capacity to house more than 400 prisoners, as do Joyceville, Collins Bay and Warkworth prisons.

The Regional Psychiatric Centre, in Abbotsford, B.C., is rated to house 603 inmates, while Stony Mountain prison in Manitoba can handle 522 men.

A Canadian parliamentary sub-committee investigating prison conditions two years ago recommended that institutions be reduced to house a maximum of 200 to 250 men.

However, the Canadian prison service has since concluded that the most economically sized prison could handle between 400 and 450 inmates, said John Braithwaite, deputy commissioner of corrections services.

And, since the Conservative government took power, the service has placed their total construction program under review, said Braithwaite, who accompanied his Swedish counterpart on a tour of Millhaven later in the day.

Millhaven penitentiary is where a Swedish theatre group called the Pioneers will perform for the inmates on October 25th.

Theatre groups have been going into Swedish prisons for 25 years, as part of the country's effort to bring prisoners into contact with the outside, Amilon said. (The Pioneers is partly funded by the Swedish correctional service.)

Amilon declined to make any direct comparisons between Canadian prisons and those in his own country.

He said a prison system reflects a society and "you should know more about the whole society."

Sweden lacks many of the social problems confronting Canada.

Sweden has a relatively homogenous population, no racial problems and has lived in peace for two centuries, he added.

"That explains why we have been able to build some of the welfare system into our correctional system," Amilon said.

FILE THIRTEEN

Letter to the Editor,
Whig-Standard,
Kingston, Ontario

PRISONERS AND PUBLIC ABUSED

BY CORRECTIONAL SERVICE

Sir:

I read both your editorial of October 17th ("An admission that prison officials have given up") and the Commissioner of Corrections' rebuttal on October 30th ("Penitentiaries are for the most recalcitrant"). After spending the past 14 years of my sentence in Kingston, Millhaven and Collins Bay, I know that what you wrote is true.

Commissioner Donald Yeomans says the name itself, Correctional Service, "maintains the concept of concern for the offender," and he spoke of the "efforts of the correctional staff." Has he forgotten that there was a parliamentary sub-committee investigation that exposed "the efforts of the correctional staff"? Hasn't he heard of the "Millhaven Mafia?" or the beatings, tear-gassings, etc. that were reported by Members of Parliament? Where are these staff members now?

I'll answer my own question. They are still working in the Penitentiary Service, and some of them have been rewarded for their practices of brutality by being promoted.

I am not implying that all penitentiary staff are the same. On the contrary, there are some decent individuals. But apparently it is believed by Ottawa that if you add good apples to rotten apples, the rotten apples will turn good. Even a kindergarten teacher could tell Mr. Yeomans that isn't the way it works.

Mr. Yeomans also said, "we hope to provide opportunities that individual offenders may use to re-enter society and become law-abiding, productive citizens." Isn't that a noble concept? When I was told, "You are strictly here for warehousing," was I being given this opportunity?

I would also like to hear Mr. Yeomans' explanation as to how a prisoner who has spent 60 months in prison and is released with a suit of clothes and \$300 compulsory savings with which to pay rent, buy groceries, buy clothing, etc. has been "given the opportunity to become law-abiding," etc.

I was always so naive that I believed we were sent to prison "as punishment" and not "for punishment" in whatever way our keepers saw fit. On the top grading (Grade 4), we earn \$1.40 per day to purchase tobacco, writing paper, stamps, toiletries, etc. and the magnificent sum of \$0.25 (twenty-five cents!) a day is kept for the great day when we are released. I wonder what will happen the day prisoners in Canada's prisons wake up to the fact that without them doing the work, prisons can't operate.

Mr. Yeomans also stated, recidivism rates might climb but "that will not be evidence of a lack of effort on the part of staff of our Service." He is much too modest. It will be because of concentrated effort by his staff.

There was a marriage not too long ago. The Penitentiary Service and the National Parole Service became one-- The Canadian Corrections Service. They work hand in glove. The Penitentiary Service releases the prisoner and the Parole Service sends him back for breaking its rules, enabling the Penitentiary Service to enlarge, and the budget for both to climb.

The Penitentiary Service tells a prisoner, "if you work to the best of your ability, you can earn 10 days a month off your sentence" and further, "if you obey all of our silly rules and regulations and put up with the harassments from staff without blowing your cool, you can earn five days a month off your sentence for good behaviour."

So a prisoner serving a three-year sentence, realizing he can earn a year off his sentence, goes to work every day and tries to keep his nose clean. Two years pass and he believes that he will now become a free man. He hasn't written for parole so he has served his full sentence. Then he learns he isn't a free man. He has to serve his "good time" under the guidance of the National Parole Service.

Although he never received a parole, he has the same restrictions as if he were on parole. These vary. They might include not being allowed to go outside a 25-mile radius of where he lives without permission, not being allowed to drink, to get married or buy a car without permission, etc. He discovers that he didn't earn anything. He discovers that he is still a prisoner.

It is understandable that prisoners have rebelled against this particular devious piece of legislation. In 1975, 1,278 prisoners released on mandatory supervision were returned for violations of the rules. That was 50 percent of those released. In 1978, there were 1,253 returned for violation (46.6 percent). What the taxpayers don't realize is how it affects them.

The budget for the Canadian Corrections Service has doubled in the past five years. Without these extra prisoners, how would they justify it? The Parole Service grew from 561 employees in 1973 to 1,097 in 1978, and its budget from less than \$9 million to \$33.8 million. And that is to look after prisoners serving the so-called good time they earned during their sentence.

The service is too busy watching over prisoners on "mandatory supervision" to be able to watch over parolees, and the number of paroles has dropped.

In 1970/71, there were 386 employees in the Parole Board and Parole Service combined. Their total budget was less than \$5 million. In that year, they paroled 2,785 federal prisoners. In 1978, they had a total of 1,110 employees and their combined budget was over \$40 million! And they issued only 1,558 federal paroles. Eight times as much money, three times as many employees and just over half the number of paroles.

Public exposure of the Penitentiary Service, the Parole Service and the Parole Board would have even the red-necks storming the bastille.

In the meantime, the Canadian Corrections Service, a misnomer if there ever was one, will continue to play its profitable game—Penitentiaries and Parole scratching each other's back—and to hell with the prisoners and the taxpayers.

George Watson,
Collins Bay Penitentiary

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FOR MOST, A BARGAIN'S A BARGAIN

OTTAWA... - Sixteen of 731 federal prisoners granted temporary absence for Christmas failed to return to their cells, the Canadian Corrections Service said yesterday, calling this a 97.8 per cent success rate. And nine of the 16 were already back in custody by December 29th.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Which also means... out of 9400 federal prisoners, only 7.8 percent were granted passes.

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AN ADMISSION THAT PRISON OFFICIALS HAVE GIVEN UP

(Kingston Whig-Standard)

WHAT'S IN A NAME? Often, a great deal. Not because there's any magic in the name itself, but because each name bespeaks an attitude. It's likely, for example, that the parent who calls his son Chuck wants him to turn out rather different from the man who calls his son Charles.

It's unfortunate, therefore, that Correctional Services of Canada have decided to replace the staff title of correctional officer with the old title of guard—just when these people were beginning to regard their job as something more worthwhile than locking doors.

Its message to all those men, especially the living unit officers, who have got to know the inmates and started to help them towards a new life, is this: Give up and return to the traditional hostility.

And it is a pat on the back for those men who never made the change, who never accepted the challenge to do any correcting.

The fact that the title was introduced in the first place means that there must have been some intention to attempt something more than custody. Now that we're back to the old names of guard, keeper and warden we can only conclude that the officials—and we bet it's the Ottawa bureaucrats, not the people who know what's happening in prisons—have decided the attempt failed.

There's been no clear explanation for the name change. The gossip is that it is Ottawa's way of trying to improve staff morale. If so, it will fail. Morale has been poor because penitentiary staff feel they have no influence on how the institutions are run. For them, the recidivism rate is a disgrace. It makes them feel they've failed.

Perhaps the officials feel that the new titles were euphemisms, a pretense, and that it's better to be rid of them. Call a spade a spade. The job of prisons is to lock people up and nothing else. If that's the way they look at it, it's to their deep shame. Even if one disregards the inhumanity of that approach—though God forbid we ever reach that stage—it is palpably not in our selfish interests to run prisons that way unless we're prepared to lock up every inmate until he dies. When prisoners are released, they return to our society. If

they return as bitter, hostile, useless human beings, we suffer.

Remember that a prison inmate is already close to the bounds of punishment allowed by society. What more can we do to them than lock them up? We don't hang people any more. We don't whip them. We don't cut off their hands. We don't starve them or torture them. The worst that can happen to a prisoner is having a few more restrictions imposed on him. In short, the less you leave yourself to take away from prisoners, the less control you have over them.

If the purpose of the new job titles is to emphasize security, presumably it's also to de-emphasize education and job training, psychological services, pastoral counselling, recreation, group activities, special events, volunteer programs—all the aspects of prison life, in fact, that serve the functions other than security and punishment that prisons are supposed to serve.

We have no illusions about the difficulty of running prisons. They are tough places to work in, and it's hard to make progress. But this latest about face—and everything it represents—is unfathomable. It leads us to believe that the people responsible for the penitentiary system have given up. ♀

COMIN' ATCHA...

A study by the federal solicitor-general's department showed that in 1977 the average Canadian family paid \$365 in taxes for criminal justice services. Less than \$1 of this was spent on compensation for victims.

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COMMITTEE NOTES:

By Elaine Gould
Inmate Chairman

AT A RECENT COMMITTEE MEETING WITH WHAT UNIT REPS BOTHERED TO SHOW UP, a motion was passed which states that in the future if an inmate is working at the TREE NURSERY or ELECTRONIC DATE PROCESSING he will not be eligible to run for the Inmate Committee. The reason for the motion is that inmates who work in the mentioned work locations have too often refused to attend committee and Inmate Committee/Administration meetings, thereby failing to do the job for which they were elected.

Another note that should be taken is that when an election is called in your unit for a committee representative, don't vote for a guy just because he is popular but vote for the guy you believe will best represent your beefs, opinions, and suggestions when he is meeting with the administration.

Personally, I am fed up with the bullshit I hear when someone complains that the Inmate Committee is no good because this or that wasn't brought up with the Administration. It's at this time when I ask the person making the unjust remarks whether they have spoken to their unit reps about bringing the matter up before the administration; to which I almost always receive the same answer... "NO, I THOUGHT MY UNIT REP ALREADY KNEW ABOUT IT," or an answer very similar to it. First of all, we are not, nor do we profess to be, mind readers. Secondly, if you have a beef or problem or just something you would like brought up at the INMATE COMMITTEE/ADMINISTRATION MEETING, then speak to your committee rep about it or someone else who is on the committee.

The following are some of the achievements of the Inmate Committee that will be affecting us in the near future:

ENTERTAINMENT... Pre-recorded movies for the V T R system have been ordered from the Vertex Clearing House in Toronto. The movies are purchased outright at a cost of 75 to \$90 each. Once the units have seen the films, the committee will send them back to the Vertax Company for replacement at a cost of only \$20 per new movie, which will still be owned by the Inmate Welfare Fund. This exchanging can go on indefinitely, which will give the population a chance to see movies that would otherwise be too expensive to rent for showing in the auditorium. This will in no way interfere with our regular Wednesday and Saturday night movies.

WASHERS AND DRYERS... The committee will be purchasing a washer and dryer for each unit at an approximate cost of \$3200.00 total. The Inmate Welfare Fund will absorb the costs of purchasing these machines. The committee decided to purchase them from a local dealer in Springhill who has assured us of prompt service should a break-down occur. The machines carry a two-year warranty on all parts, and a ten-year warranty on the transmission, with a life-time warranty on the bowls inside the machines. We hope to have all machines installed and working by the end of March. The machines are not to be used for washing work clothing (greens). This is to avoid unnecessary wear and tear on the washers.

INSIDE YARD... In a recent meeting with the Works Department the Inmate Committee was informed that a fair amount of money is available for projects that we can come up with to improve the appearance of the inside yard, i.e. tables and trees and benches, etcetera. It has been suggested that perhaps sculptures could be made by some of the more talented inmates, to be placed on the lawns in front of the Living Units. The costs for materials will be provided by the Works Department. Inmates are asked to submit any ideas, plans, or proposals concerning the above to the Inmate Committee. It is hoped that some of the work to improve the look of the inside yard will start in April or May of this year.

In the next issue of the COMMUNICATOR I will give you an account of our meetings with the CITIZEN'S ADVISORY COMMITTEE and the planned meeting with the ASSISTANT SOLICITOR GENERAL.

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A SENSITIVE AREA

by bob eby

WHEN IT TAKES NINE MONTHS TO MAKE A BABY, get rid of a Plainly Chronic government, or erect a building like a Visits and Correspondence area in a medium-security prison, one justifiably wonders when its over whether the waiting has been worth the doing. The INMATE COMMITTEE and the COMMUNICATOR were invited to inspect the new V&C area here on Thursday, March 6th, four days before its official opening on the 11th. ARDEN THURBER, the Head of Social Development, and JOCK SPENCE, Visits and Correspondence Supervisor, showed us around, explaining the physical aspects of the area and answering our questions.

The room itself, the one where you will visit with your friends, loved ones, whomever, is a definite improvement over the V&C area we've had here since this institution opened in 1969. It is slightly smaller in actual usable space, but because the room is more squarely rectangular in shape, rather than elongated, it has a better "feel" to it. With floors covered with wall to wall carpeting, one entire wall glazed with floor to ceiling windows, concrete block walls a two-tone contrasting brown, a modishly low ceiling outfitted with acoustic tiles and indirect overhead lighting, an artificial hammered-copper free-standing fireplace and slightly futuristic clear-glass globe lights at each corner, it has an atmosphere you would expect to find in any meeting room at a Holiday Inn or banquet room at the local shopping plaza. If it weren't for the fact that they won't be serving barbecued steaks and there won't be table service, it could double for a Steak and Beverage Room almost anywhere in the country.

It was pretty much agreed by those taking the tour that the physical atmosphere seemed superior to the old V&C area. When Jock Spence was asked what he thought about the move, he told us that he was, for the most part, pleased. He told us that he and his staff were disappointed that budgetary cuts had necessitated cutting down on the proposed size of the building by some twenty or so feet in width, and that the office space wasn't as roomy as they would have liked to accomodate he and his staff of three. But he also said that once the kinks of moving are worked out, he expected the new situation to contribute to a more relaxed and pleasant atmosphere for the prison population and their visitors. He told us this in turn will make his job easier.

He showed us the new scanning equipment which outside visitors pass through when entering the V&C area. Visitors walk up a slightly graded ramp and through an arch which contains a magnetic metal scanning device. Any metallic objects on a visitor's person will trigger an alarm and alert the security officer who sits inside a glassed-in booth, controlling admittance to the visiting area. This type of metal detecting device has been used for more than twenty years in prison settings and cannot cause any harm to visitors. Any package coming into or leaving the V&C department will be scanned by an X-ray machine, exactly as is used at every airport in the modern world. The only material that can be affected by X-ray equipment, said Mr. Spence, is unexposed photographic film. Purses and suitcases belonging to outside visitors will be left in lockers outside the V&C area, as is now the case.

When I asked Jock Spence if there were recording devices installed to take down conversations going on between people in the visiting room, he said, "No. There are no recorders or anything like that being used here." I rephrased my question by asking him if there were any electronic listening devices in place. He said, "Bob, there is nothing like that here. I'm not saying they might not do something like that in the future... I'm just telling you there is nothing like that being done now. And, if they want to do anything like that later on, they will have to put up signs cautioning people about what is going on." Arden Thurber, Head of Social Development and Mr. Spence's direct superior, reiterated what Jock said. There was considerable discussion about the two video monitors that will be installed to scan the outside visiting yard and about the electrically operated doors and electronic intercoms placed at each doorway leading out of the visiting area and in the V&C office itself, but both men were emphatic about there being no listening devices.

Each of the Inmate Committee members raised questions to do with potential problems which could come out of the V&C area being out at the front of the institution instead of sitting where it used to some sixty or so yards inside the fence. We were told that Security staff at Central Control will be doing their best to make the transition as easy as they can. If a person wants to get out to V&C to see any of the staff there, say to discuss a problem about their mail, any staff person in the institution can phone V&C and have you cleared through Central Control. If a guy wants to drop by V&C the way many of us have over the years, without having to wait, Security at Central Control can call through to V&C to clear it. Another thing the Committee expressed concern about was the ugly concertina wire on top of the chain link fence which surrounds the V&C outside yard area. The Committee guys told Jock Spence they thought the wire and unsightly fence were unnecessary. Mr. Spence told us he would appreciate any suggestions from the guys with regard to decorating the visiting room and about furnishing the outside yard in terms

of seating arrangements and playground facilities for visiting children.

After the tour was over and the Inmate Committee and I left the Visits and Correspondence area, Arden Thurber took me into Number Three Building where the Preventive Security Officer has his office. He looked busy so I got right to the point. "Mr. Murray," I said, "There is some talk within the prison population that the new V&C area is outfitted with electronic listening devices. Is there any truth to these rumours?" Clyde Murray looked me in the face and asked, "Where do you suppose talk like that would come from? We don't do anything like that here." While thinking the answer should be academic because I had learned over the years that if you don't want something overheard it's best not to say it, I told him that I didn't know where the rumour got its beginnings but that there was talk. He said, "Bob, you've got my word, there is nothing like that going on there... I would have to know, it is my job to know about that kind of thing. There is nothing like that going on."

1



Being Prime Minister of a country, even if only for a short time, has its little pleasures. One of the ones JOE CLARK had before being roused from office was to bestow upon our Recreational Supervisor, EARL LEES, a plaque in recognition of his 25 years in the Service. Commissioner of Corrections, DONALD YEOMANS' signature is alongside the then-Prime Minister's and represents the congratulations of all EARL'S well-wishers.

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HOODLUM



IN A WORLD DOOMED BY THE ENCROUCHMENT OF SLIME AND GLOOM IMPLICIT IN THE mass movement of apathy, insulation and despair (known to academics as A.I.D.) the realization that we have among us a personage as good and true as ROBIN HOODLUM—the last of the solid cons—will ring down through history in a fashion akin to the Second Coming, that great day when the BAND (Badguys and N'er Do-wells) will inherit the Earth, dealing a fatal blow to the Forces of Piffle.

No longer will Weak Knees and Mealy Mouths slither about casting their disparaging and moralistic remarks... ROBIN HOODLUM will save us all!

WATCH OUT for this hero of Light and Life, BE READY for the day when he comes to your area of gloom, REJOICE that your behind-the-eight-ball reporter will be there to record his heroic deeds, rendering the Forces of Piffle to their deserved fate—eternity with one another, side by each. The COMMUNICATOR will be there... you should be, too. Next issue... comin' atcha.



WAREHOUSE: ...If You Lived Here will be seen in each issue. It is a fictional journal, a fantasy, reflective of the author's prison experiences in a maximum-security penitentiary. All names and events mentioned are historically fictional but poetically true, and will remain so protecting the guilty.

Turnaround

RIT HAS BEEN SAID THAT PRISON IS BAD FOR YOUR HEALTH. I've also learned that the quickest way to get unhealthy in jail is to mind someone else's business, like when getting into jail-house politics.

There was a guy on the Inmate Committee when I was just starting my first bit who had the respect and admiration of almost everyone he came in-to contact with. His name was Ralph and he'd originally come from down-East somewhere. I knew him fairly well; not friends or anything like that, but he was a guy I kept an eye peeled for, trying to figure what a dude should do in this or that situation. Keeping in mind that this was back in the days right after the government had shipped about a hundred-and-twenty-five French-speaking guys out of St Vincent de Paul maximum-security in Quebec to Anitown Pen, the joint was pretty strung-out and tense. There were fights almost daily, with a stabbing or clubbing at least once a month.

Ralph was a safecracker and a damn good one. He was one of the few guys from the East who was into any kind of professional approach to stealing in Ontario, and he'd made a lot of money at it. At this time he was chairman of the committee, with two other English-speaking and three French guys on the committee with him. Because a good percentage of the guys shipped down from St Vincent were into a political kind of rap, you know,

talking F.L.Q. and separatism, they were getting pretty vocal around the joint and there was something of a struggle going on to see who was going to run the prison. The Frenchmen were more into violence than the English-speaking guys. Cops used to get blown away in Montreal, but it hardly ever happened in Toronto. The French guys were just as apt to gang-up on you as look at you, whereas, for the most part, non-French cons were still into one-on-one kinds of fighting. This was not strictly true but it was true enough to make it rare that a gang of guys from Ontario would jump one guy. Knives weren't very well thought of either... it was alright to bang a guy over the head with an iron bar but don't stick a knife in him. It didn't make any sense to me either, but I'm only telling the story.

Anyway, Ralph and the committee had talked about having the guys in the joint quit organized sports. This was supposed to be a means of showing the administration we could shut the prison down if we chose to. Ralph had voted with the rest of the committee to close down organized games, but after talking it over with some cons who weren't on the committee, he changed his mind. He went back to the committee, apparently not figuring he was doing any kind of serious turnaround, and told them he wasn't going to go along with the shut-down. A minor argument took place, he was called a few choice names—nothing all that heavy, because he was a very capable guy with his hands—and he left the meeting, figuring he'd done the right thing by telling them he'd changed his mind. Ralph was always the kind of guy who concerned himself with "doing the right thing."

Movies at that time were held Saturday afternoons in the gym. They had a bank of yellow fog lights lit above our heads, so the room was never completely dark. Stabbers and puffers used the dimness of the room to ply their respective crafts, with sometimes the handiwork being hot, wet lips and other times a cold piece of steel jabbed into a kidney, a spine, always a place on a back. A LIFE magazine down inside a shirt wasn't much protection against seven inches of homemade blade, and letters from home didn't do much to still the puffer's seduction. My friend, Joe, and I used our movie time to walk in the yard, away from the insanity of watching make-believe in the dark while risking getting shanked.

We were walking in the yard, doing our usual run along the inside base of the 30-foot wall, with its gun-towers mounted on top, sun-glassed sentries with 303 rifles blocking the sky. We'd just made our turn, probably our fiftieth of the afternoon, when I saw Ralph and another dude cut into our path some seventy-five or eighty yards ahead. They were walking hard-time the same as we, and were engrossed in conversation. Something about Ralph's walk caught my eye, and at the same time I noticed another dude walking towards him and his companion. I couldn't help but pick up that there was something going down between Ralph and the guy walking with him and the one coming towards them. I watched tension come into their conversation and Ralph's body lost some of its easy swing. The guy walking with him did a quick look over his shoulder and moved away from Ralph's side. It became obvious what was going down... it was a set-up.

The guy walking towards them suddenly veered off and strode away, apparently not able to face Ralph from the front, just as a second dude cut in behind Ralph and darted up to him and struck him in the back. He fell, twisting towards his attacker, grabbing at his side and yelling, "My God, I've been stabbed!" Joe and I both ran towards where he'd fallen. The backstabber took off across the yard, leaving a seven-inch boning knife buried in his victim's back, with only the handle left showing. Ralph, in the meantime, gained his feet and took off across the yard in the direction of the back door to the hospital. He stumbled and fell three or four times but there was no stopping him. He kept saying, "It's alright, don't get into it, it's alright." I felt sick.

Ralph survived the try on his life, but paid for it at expense to the robust health he'd always enjoyed. His hair went prematurely white and his skin all down one side of his body turned a dirty grey colour. The knife had ruptured his spleen. It was bad enough that a good dude had almost been killed over a stupid situation—to play baseball or not—but what was even worse was that his life had been paid for, boning knives front and back, with 100 packages of tobacco. Tobacco in Anitown in those days sold for ten or twelve for a paper street dollar... ten paper dollars for a man's life....

That's what I think of every time I hear the phrase, "The Surgeon General states that smoking may be detrimental to a person's health."

refugee

a two room shack
 thrown together with old railway ties
 tarpaper and spit
a lonely woman, two kids and welfare
 pride dissolves
 but bug-infested meals do not
money is converted to alcohol
 alcohol to pain
 pain to bitterness
unanswered questions and cold
 bring distrust to a child's eye
 and violence to his hand
the time came to break away
 and he did
 watch out for those who got in his way
so he ran and he ran
 all the way to
 a place on the other side
a one room shack
 thrown together with new improved concrete
 reinforced steel and money
a lonely man, antiseptic meals and hate
 pride dissolves
 and so does the individual

© Kerry Holland
Springhill 1980





PUNERALIZING

Grandpaw Wicker chewed 'bacca,
could spit further'n anybody in the hollow.
Tales peppered with cusses flew from his lips
faster'n chips from the axe of a lumberjack.
He never shaved
and smelled higher'n a pig sty.

One day he passed away.

An underarm boost from an older cousin
let me peer in the casket
laid out cold in grandma's parlor.
I looked down on somebody's head
half buried in a shiny pillow,
no hat, no beard, no droolin', no smell,
and his hair was combed.
Cousin Lou lowered me to the floor.
I hit it running
...and to this day they don't know
it wasn't grief that made me vomit.

© Nina A. Wicker
Sanford, North Carolina

to Gertrude

ninety-two years of farm dirt beneath your small black feet,
Texas, then
California. you rode horses last year.
you hold your shoulders as near to the sky
as possible. your long braids
brush them as you talk.
you tell me, plants feel the phases of the moon,
you can see it.
the folds of your face
are pages in a book
full of secrets. but now
you live locked up
in a nursing home.
clouds hide the sun.
you fight back. doctors label you
"hostile."

black woman,
wrapped in white sheets,
locked in white restraints
by white nurses
on the orders of white doctors.
they say they want to keep you alive.
a needle drips slow into your vein,
bruising your arm. they try to break
your spirit. you pull out your tube
and walk away. they gun you down
with drugs, put the tube back in.
to keep you alive.
to keep you chained until you die,
black woman. the drugs fade your voice.
I sit beside you and listen to you whisper
about working in the fields,
about chasing
horses. the wind whispers around
your small mountain of a face.
all you want from me
is a knife to cut yourself free.

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TO KILL THE METIS POET

To kill the Metis Poet
She burned his words:
And only then
Did his poems weep:

But now I live
Though my words are tears,
I see your flags
And laws
And prisons.

I've paid in full,
The price you pay,
For being wrong
And I'm happy in this cave:

I was once dead,
With steel bars,
And grey walls,
Built around my soul:

Yes,
In this lonely room,
Wearing blue jeans,
I sit writing about you,
And how it felt
To be dead.

WE HAVE GONE SO FAR BACK

We have gone so far back
In tipping the bottle
That I know some of us
Who would without thinking
Trade their mother as collateral
At some bank for drinking money

Don't take these words
As being nasty
And what I say now
Is private

Personally I'm fascinated
By dynamite and nitroglycerin
And crime



PARENTS

Parents,
Live in lounges,
Drinking away today,
Not thinking
Of tomorrow
And crying
Over yesterday problems.

Wives make love to strangers,
And doctors rob patients,
Before they die,
Of natural causes.

It is difficult,
To understand life,
When television,
Is its biggest lie.

Sexy women
And uninterested husbands,
Create broken homes
And bad children,
Who screw each other.



(STEVE HALL continued...)

tact is your inhalation of the cigarette smoke that drifts through the grate.

 sitting for Steve Hall to make his appearance. After about 20 minutes the sound of heavy metal doors opening and slamming somewhere back in the building. The sounds get louder.

Now Hall comes through the final door, accompanied by three guards. They guide him into a special locked-in booth, nearest to where the staff monitors the visiting area, then withdraw beyond the door.

A TV camera looks down on us from behind Hall's left shoulder.

He looks like a younger Gene Hackman. He has the same slightly receding hairline, sandy-brownish hair, five o'clock shadow. Ruddy complexion, good average height, just a few extra pounds on his frame. He's wearing a prison green cotton shirt and pants.

**I CAN'T SAY WHY I WENT
THIS WAY. I HAD A NORMAL
FAMILY LIFE. THERE WERE NO
EXTENUATING CIRCUMSTANCES**

I mention mutual acquaintances. I had seen him at the Wood-Hoon trial, and later we had exchanged a few brief notes. But this is our first time face to face.

"I hope I didn't keep you waiting long," he says. "I'm in the hole now, so it takes them longer to get me."

The hole is a punishment tier, set aside from SHU. Used for short-term stretches, usually one or two months. Restricted diet, thinner bedding, even less contact with other prisoners.

Hall is in the hole for 40 days for trying to escape. A few weeks before he had sawed his way out of his cell in SHU during the night and got down to the first of the outside fences. But he couldn't get through, and after two hours he was spotted.

"Now the screws (guards) are all freaked out because they can't figure out how I sawed it through," he says. "They're supposed to be titanium steel, the hardest they've got. They don't know what I used; they can't find it, and I'm not telling them. You never know when you'll need it again."

Hall has an impish grin when he says this. He is relaxed (and con-

tinues to be in several subsequent conversations that are reconstructed here), and he has a disarming way about him. Not at all threatening or "heavy." Obviously he has retained his sense of humour.

Thus there's no sense of menace when he matter-of-factly adds (in the full knowledge that a guard is monitoring his every word):

"I know I'm never getting out of here through the front door (legally). I know the only way I'm getting out is through my own initiative."

I explain to Hall that what I had come to talk to him about was the motivation of men like him. He picks up on it immediately. In fact he had often pondered the subject himself.

"You know, I was reading in People magazine—or was it Time?—a while back about the highest-ranking American prisoner of war in Vietnam and how he felt about the men he had been in prison with," he recalls. "They went through some horrible experiences together. Now he would die for them. There's a bond built up, a solidarity. No one else knows what you've been through, except your friends who have been through the same thing. When I read that, it clicked. That's exactly how I feel."

Hall has been in and out of solitary since the age of 16. He has spent month after month staring at four blank walls, day-dreaming about escape, listening to his friends in cells nearby go crazy, or kill themselves.

He's the son of a career military officer and a nurse. Born in Fredericton, N.B., he grew up on Canadian Forces bases across the country, started skipping school at age seven, got into burglaries and thefts a few years later.

"I can't say why I went this way. I had a normal family life. I wasn't deprived. There were no extenuating circumstances."

In the last 13 years, he's been a free man exactly 134 days. His longest stretch on the street at one time was the 99 days leading up to the 1976 Brentwood job.

"In prison, you're a corpse in a grave. Everything is rules. If you talk back to the guards, you go on report; if you try to escape, you go to the hole; if you assault a guard, they beat you up bad. That's why the V&C thing, even though it didn't work, was such a trip. We had broken all the rules. While we were holed up for that week, I felt totally alive. I really enjoyed the feeling, and I wanted to play my cards to the end."

It was in the solitary unit at Prince Albert (Sask.) Penitentiary in 1973 that Steve Hall first met Andy Bruce. Hall was in the hole for nearly singlehandedly wrecking a cell-block area in a protest over conditions; Bruce was there for an escape attempt. The two men got to socialize during their 30-minute daily exercise periods.

What was Bruce like then?

"What can I say? He liked dogs (Hall laughs) ...No, he was quiet, shy, didn't say much. I guess you would call him a listener. Me, I'm a bigmouth, so we complemented each other.

"He was solid (reliable), I was solid. We were being held under the same brutal conditions."

Hall says their friendship was made fast after he (Hall) got into a confrontation with a staff member and wound up being beaten in his cell by half-a-dozen guards.

"Bruce and the other guys set up such a racket, screaming and banging things around, that they (the guards) finally stopped beating on me. I'm sure I would have been beaten worse if they hadn't helped out. You don't forget things like that. That's what friends are for."

Bruce was transferred back to the Penthouse (the solitary confinement unit in the B.C. Penitentiary) a short time later, and Hall followed him there in 1975. When Hall got out in the spring of '76 he was determined not to forget his friends.

First, he bought 200 postcards and started mailing them to the guys in the Penthouse, just so they could have more contact with the outside.

"I don't like to write long letters, so I got these cards in bulk, and just started writing messages, like 'Hi, I'm on the street again, hope you're doing okeh.' They were old postcards, with weird pictures on them. I got a letter from Andy. He said, 'Hey, how come you sent me a postcard with a gravel pit on it?'"

But Hall wasn't confining his activities to letter-writing. He was actively probing for ways to break Bruce out of solitary, and he needed a surer line of communication into the Penthouse.

So, only two months after he hit the street, he put on a new suit and drove up to the Pen in his \$8,000 Cougar and asked to see the then-warden, Dragan Cernetic.

"I parked where you're not supposed to park, and 'the Dragon'

came out and asked me how many miles I got to the gallon. He said he only drove a Volkswagen."

Hall talked his way into Cernetic's office, lit up a cigar, and told him that he was now a successful businessman, having made his mark in the used furniture trade.

"I told him I wanted to visit Andy and the other guys in the Penthouse. I told him I was the only guy who could cool things out up there. The staff couldn't, but I could, because I was solid."

Cernetic seemed ready to take a chance, even though it was prison policy to prohibit parolees from visiting at the Pen.

"He told me, 'It would be a precedent—call me in a month.'"

But before a month was out, Hall himself was back behind bars as a result of the Brentwood job (an abortive bank holdup in the Brentwood Mall in Burnaby).

Hall was now in the general prison population, and he took up the job of representing Bruce's interests in putting together the V&C (B.C. Penitentiary visiting and correspondence area, to be the scene of a hostage drama in January 1978) break-out team. He made sure there would be no attempt until Bruce was ready.

"Bruce had been up there (the Penthouse) the longest. V&C was his idea. He deserved the chance."

The plan required that all the escapers arrange to have visits at the same time. Hall expected that Bruce would be brought down for his visit by two guards.

"My plan was to stab one guard without a warning, and then demand the keys to Bruce's body belt from the other. That should have put him in shock. It's like when you rob a bank—the first thing you do is fire a shot into the ceiling to shock everybody."

But it turned out there was only one guard with Bruce that day—Roy Yasuda.

"I'm sorry it was Yasuda. I had nothing particularly against him. He was quiet, never hassled anybody. But I couldn't take a chance. I thought he knew judo or something. I asked him for the keys, and he slugged me. I didn't think too much about it (the stabbing). I did what had to be done to get the keys. Everybody else was doing their job—getting the gun, smashing the glass, etc. I had to do my job. I would have let him go unhurt if he hadn't fought back."

Despite some of the violent scrapes he's gotten into behind bars, Hall doesn't see himself as a prison tough guy. He hasn't mastered

any specialized techniques of offence or defence, and—unlike a lot of other guys inside—he's not particularly interested in building his body. In fact, he only gets serious about fitness in preparation for an escape.

"Some guys think you need big arms (muscles) to be tough. But I feel it's what you've got in here (pointing to his heart) that counts most. I'm not a good fighter, but I don't give up when I get started, and people know that."

Hall doesn't seem to have any deep-seated regrets about his life up to now, but he does acknowledge that he has rethought a lot of things since the V&C incident.

For one thing, he has gotten to know Betsy Wood and Gay Hoon a lot better, both during the week-long hostage-taking siege and in correspondence and visits afterward. Their brand of militant pacifism has at least shown him there's another way of fighting the system. And his reading of the Wood-Hoon trial—especially the way the prosecution insisted on pressing ahead with the charges after a judge had thrown them out for lack of evidence—has convinced him there is a "political" dimension to prisons and prison reform.

Despite the walls around him, Hall has managed to develop and nurture a number of new friendships since the trial. In his correspondence, he now carries on lively debates as to why prisons seem to be filled mainly with poor people and whether violence is really an effective means for bringing about change.

"I know I'll do things differently when I get out this time," he says. "Last time, I wanted a big car, a yacht in English Bay, the whole trip. I don't want that anymore. In fact, I'm getting rid of all those material needs. They just make you more vulnerable."

Hall may be absorbing a lot of new ideas, but so far he hasn't found a way of incorporating them into his basic goal in life: getting out of prison.

He sees himself as a "lifer," despite the theoretical possibility that he could get out on parole in six years. His past record and his future prospects are too dim to expect any favors from the authorities.

"I've tried litigation, I've tried peaceful protest, I've tried them all, but they don't get you anywhere. As soon as it looks like you're going to be successful you get thrown in the hole on a pretext, or transferred (to another

prison). Or they start offering you carrots, like more privileges, or transfer to minimum (security prison). A lot of guys give up, they figure what's the use of fighting. That's when they start thinking of themselves as a prisoner. Well, I don't think of myself as a prisoner, and I don't intend ever to."

So Hall is sticking pretty much to himself. He doesn't fraternize a lot in the Special Handling Unit (Millhaven's super-maximum deep freeze for English Canada's most dangerous, most rebellious convicts) and his visitors are few and far between; he has taken the posters off his walls and generally made his cell less homelike.

He's just quietly going about the business of planning escape.

"I used to get sent to the hole a lot for mouthing off, drinking brew (illegal alcohol), drugs, you name it. Now I don't get sent there much any more, except for things I can't avoid, like when a fight breaks out, and escaping. I'm saving all my energy for escaping."

Now the three guards are coming back through the big metal door to escort Hall back to the hole. As they unlock the grate around his cage, he has time for one final word. He's serious, but not noticeably intense.

"I wouldn't mind getting out the front door, but that just doesn't seem possible. I don't enjoy hurting people, not even guards, mostly. I've never done that intentionally. But I want my freedom, and I'll do what I have to do to obtain it."

MORNING

The eyes slowly open.
Light is inevitable.
Hands with their fingers.
Legs and their movement.
The mirror is a source.
The body is alive
with its knowing.
Hair combed back.
Lips made wet.
You turn from your face
with your tongue
already dry.

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San Francisco

CHRISTINE cont.

or asking him to clean out a garbage can or something like that. You just don't have that, with the exception, I suppose of Mary Dee because she does sit on the Inmate Grievance Committee, but that's the only person. And, of course, she's our highest functional female because she has the title of Office Service Manager.

BOB... That's strange, because they've had experience here before with a woman who was a Living Unit Development Officer, which is as frontline as you're going to get around here. I was under the impression that the experience with her had been pretty positive...

CHRISTINE... Yeh, well, from all reports that I've heard, certainly. From the point of view of senior staff, she has been commended to me for having done a good job of her work in the Living Unit, but, I don't know...

BOB... You know, from my point of view, you would think that the administration would be anxious to get a more true representation in here of the outside, and especially with mixing the sexes. Now, I'm not talking about custody officers being female... I don't buy any of that, and it's got nothing to do with chauvinism (it's actually the opposite); but you would think that they would have a couple of L.U.D.O.s working here who are female, because there is no doubt, no denying, that there's a different kind of rapport that goes on between men and women. And, as a matter of fact, I think that in a lot of cases the rapport would be a healthier one, less competitive and more natural. It seems as though there is a real backwoods kind of attitude to having women on staff...

CHRISTINE... Well, you know, I don't think you can even blame the administration. In terms of when competitions are held, it appears that women here in this geographical area simply are not applying on the boards.

BOB... Maybe because they think they don't have any chance of getting on...

CHRISTINE... Perhaps... I don't know, Bob, really. Even for the O.E.T. position which was advertised as being in Springhill medium-security institution and was filled this summer when Bernie returned to his true position, we had only one female apply. And, you know, God, I went there with the idea, you know, if a female was there and she showed any sign of being suitable at all, then I was damn well going to bias my scores. But, you know, she really didn't have it, and there was no way that I was ever going to get her in here, and I think that's one of the problems. There's another thing: in the summer-time, a lot of times, we have more female summer students than male, but, I don't know, the females that we get just aren't right for the situation... they're too idealistic or whathaveyou, and... uh... whether that in turn generates a lot of conversation among university students and therefore turns a lot of girls off applying for positions, I don't know; but, certainly, I would say there is a sad lack of women applying for the jobs other than for summer employment. But, yet, if you look at Ottawa... I don't know, the Deputy Director General of Inmate Employment is a woman and she's also black; and you've got another real crackerjack black lady as Head of Living Units, well not Head of Living Units, I can't remember her exact title but she's going after a directorship. I don't know if she ever got it or not, but even Warkworth or is it Joyceville? one of the two...

BOB... Warkworth...

CHRISTINE... Has a female warden. So, where in the Name of God are we in the Atlantic? I mean, you know, they make fun of us in Upper Canada for being backward and all that kind of shit; well, I don't buy that, but, my God, if you look at things statistics-wise, we look pretty backward.

BOB... Picking up on the "backward" theme... You wouldn't know this firsthand because you haven't been in other prisons, but this institution is probably the number one place in the country for getting anything started. And it's ironical, because a lot of it has to do with the apathy of the inmate popula-

tion... the feelings of hostility against staff here are less serious than elsewhere, and because of that you are able to innovate with programming more easily.

CHRISTINE... Yeh. That's what I was going to say next. The other thing that concerns me, of course, is the apathy of staff. And, you know, I can see why it happens. We've got Living Unit staff here who come into a position, are given a little bit of staff training, okeh... they're going to be LUIs or they are going to be on the street, one or the other. They're not going anywhere. You know, there has to be development of some kind of program to keep those people from falling down... really, in a lot of ways they are at the same damn level as the inmates.

BOB... A little encouragement... they need encouragement.

CHRISTINE... Yeh... somewhere along the line that's one of the big things that has to be worked upon. You know, because... umm, I'm not saying I love every bloody LUI we've got here, but there's some of them that are certainly capable of doing a good job; but they've been here ten damn years doing the same damn thing, and, like, here I am, I've been here three years and I'm getting out before... to me, part of getting out is because I can see if I don't, I can see that that's exactly what I'll be, just like them. So, definitely, I think it is the responsibility of somebody higher up the line to, you know, initiate some kind of incentive program to keep people developing, you know, not to slip into the lethargic rut that they can't damn well get out of.

BOB... I've often thought that there should be more "lending" going on between different departments; you know, staff finding out about the next guy's job firsthand...

CHRISTINE... I think this kind of thing should happen all the way around, Bob. I think that I'm one of the luckiest staff members you've got in the sense that I had quite a bit of time on my hands from the time I came here to the time the program got started, you know, because of the bureaucracy and redtape. But, I took advantage of it. You know, I was in every part of this institution. The only part, physical part, that I haven't been in is the Chapel, but I've had contact with Dennis and Bob and with a variety of their programs and so on. You know, I went to all the shops and spent time in Number Ten and all of the living units, went to Case Conferences here, went out on staff training and went around with Security. There was no aspect of the institution that I was not familiar with. Now, certain things I developed more than others. I happen to get along rather well with Glen Manthorne (Classification Officer in Number Ten Unit) and because of that I spent a bit more time in Number Ten because of his being there than I did in other units. But I really feel that I had a good feel, not just for my own job, but for Joe Blow who works in the Maintenance Shop, and for Buddy that has to sit in the gun tower...

BOB... So you are saying that it is a good idea to have people circulating?

CHRISTINE... Sure, and I think that it is important. In fact I can even see people circulating within the Region to various institutions, so that you really know what it is like in the Farm Annex, from the staff point of view anyway... you can never really put yourself in the place of an inmate because its always make-pretend, even if they lock you in a bloody cell overnight or whatever, its still not the same thing as the real thing. But, even going up to Dorchester, you know, Jesus, you still hear, "God, is that really bad!" You spend a half hour in Dorchester and this place looks pretty damn hot...

BOB... And Dorchester is considered to be easy-going relative to other maximum-security prisons in other parts of the country.

CHRISTINE... Although I must say that anytime... my experiences in Dorchester have been good ones from the point of view of my interaction with staff. The only negative experience I had there was with the warden, but...

BOB... (Laughing) You too!

CHRISTINE... But in terms of the front line security fellows, they, in fact, seemed less concerned with the fact that I was a woman than maybe you would find from a lot of CX's (Correctional Officers) here, although the CX's here don't seem to worry about me at all anymore. They did when I first came here, that I was travelling around by myself and all that kind of stuff. You know, occasionally, I'll have the odd hassle and stuff like that but not really anything serious. But I do think that's one of the areas that if I were made warden, or whatever, that it is something I would have to look at. It's a big problem that the LUIs face, that they can't maintain motivation and so on...

BOB... Especially when, with such an apathetic prison population, staff are expected to motivate their charges...

CHRISTINE... And also the fact that any notice that is brought to an institution by the media and so on... have you ever seen, well, I've seen the odd good article in my time, you know in terms of the Prison Arts Foundation getting positive feedback for what's happening in the area, but none of it is really attributed to the staff; it's always attributed directly to the inmates. But you hear about "the stupid assholes out at Springhill that took thirty guys to the fights in Halifax, and the stupid asses that did this or did that." It's never, they never get any words of credit from anybody else. I mean, Jesus, after a while you begin to think "What the hell's the difference? It doesn't matter if I do something decent or not because the only time you're ever going to hear about it is when the bad things come out." So, you know, that affects people here as it would anywhere, and maybe a bit more here! But, the other thing is a lot of people react the way they do to protect themselves in terms of their emotions and sensitivity to dull the pain of seeing Joey Brown come back five times, wasting his life. You know, anyone who has contact with the courts and things that deal with corrections should come in, you know, police officers should do a couple of months' internship, whatever, long enough to at least open their eyeballs to what prison is and what they are doing....



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WRITE FOR OUR CATALOGUE

WASHINGTON — Congressional investigators say U.S. refiners took more than \$3 billion in unwarranted profits last year through unjustified price increases for heating oil and diesel fuel. The increases will add about \$130 to this winter's fuel bill for the typical U.S. family using heating oil, the investigators say. Exxon Corporation, a leading supplier of heating oil, said in response to questions that the charges were baseless.

from "News Briefs International"
the Prairie Messenger

A ROSE GARDEN... cont

handles the classroom training guys get when they first get to the camp. He and KEITH MILLER teach the men about chain saw maintenance and handling, safety in the bush, first aid techniques, bushwork in general, and more specifically, how to get in and out of the bush in one piece while making a living doing it. They both put out an open, friendly air, one that tells you that they are looking for an honest day's work from every guy there. I was left with the impression that they are not only capable of doing a day's work themselves (rumour has it that you can't lay your saw down without JOHN ORR grabbing it and putting it to work) but that they would be more than willing to help any guy who demonstrates a desire to learn.

BOB MITCHELL, the Camp Superintendent, a Correctional Service Canada employee, rode through the woods with John, Keith, and I in the SCOTT PAPER COMPANY four-wheel-drive vehicle. They took me around to the job sites where the men were working, earning their keep, putting away the bucks for when they get out. We first went to where the guys were trail-cutting, where they cut the wood, mainly for pulp, into eight foot lengths and stack it where the skidder can muckle onto it, hauling it back to where the trucks will load it up and haul it away to the mill. For trail-cutting, the guys are paid \$5.50 a ton (1 cord equals 2 tons, roughly) and guys can cut about 40 tons every two weeks, giving them something like \$220 before the \$35.00 a week board has been taken out, and the cost of chain-saw gas, and income-tax (Look, Man... you'll see the skidder... guys pay out after doing their six month bit having saved a couple thousand bucks, after paying for all their equipment (chain-saw, safety pants and boots and hat-- about \$600 worth, which they own). Almost everyone saves at least \$1,000 while there.

We also visited the sites where the tree lengthers were slashing their way through the woods. One of the attractive features about SCOTT PAPER'S presence in the woods up around Paarsboro is that the forest there has been badly infested by the Spruce Budworm and if left standing another year or two will be rendered useless. Another facet of Scott's and the Day Parolees' being there is that, for the most part, professional woodcutters prefer to work in bush where the wood is of a higher quality (bigger logs), and free of the Budworm infestation. With clear-cutting being the harvesting technique used, these woodcutters are doing a contribution to the ecology of the region by culling out wood that contains the marauding Spruce Budworm. The tree lengthers are the top of the pile when it comes to woodcutters. They work in wood that is mainly for saw-mill production, meaning they don't have to cut the logs into eight-foot lengths like the trail cutters do, and they don't have to stack the tree-length logs they fell. They cut off all the limbs, get paid \$3.38 a ton (averaging out at around 100 tons every second week, giving them somewhere around \$350 every two weeks, out of which comes \$70 board, 10 or \$15 gas money, and income-tax) --- keeping in mind that these figures were computed by a greenhorn (me) and they are only averages; some guys make more, some less. The ache in your muscles, starting your work day at 7:30 a.m. and finishing off at 3:30 in the afternoon, with twenty or so minutes for lunch, will give you a pretty good idea how much money you've earned during the day's work.

But before you can get out into the bush, making the kind of money we've been talking about, you've got to undergo about three months' training on Phase One with KEITH MILLER and JOHN ORR. During that three month period is when you'll pay off your chain-saw, your safety boots and pants, your hard-hat (not necessarily meaning that you'd vote for Richard Nixon and the Gang if asked) and some heavy winter clothing, all costing you about 600 bucks. You'll get no off-the-property-trips-into-town-recreation for the first two weeks that you're in Phase One, and you'll get no weekend passes home until you've paid off your equipment bill. The message is that, during the first three months you're there, you're a greenhorn and won't know enough woodsmanship to make any real profits; but, if you've got the parts to hang in, you can take home some real money earned during the last three month stint-- Phase Two. Guys who've worked their butts off and saved every cent they could have walked out of the SHULIE LAKE CAMP with three or four thousand dollars in the bank, and in rare cases, more....

The last three months you're there is when you get your shot at making big bucks, when you can get weekend passes (one 48 hour pass per month or one 72 hour pass every six weeks), and just generally make your preparations for hitting the street. You sign up for six months, at the end of which you are paroled-- only one guy in the history of the camp was refused parole... he got it a month after being turned down. It seems that the only way you can miss getting your parole is if you get sent back to Springhill before fulfilling your contract, making it sound like it's a good idea to have your mind made up to do what you've got to do before getting there-- if getting out on parole plays an important part in your plans.

The camp can accomodate twenty guys on Day Parole. Five new guys come up about every four weeks. With twenty guys working in the woods, SCOTT PAPER COMPANY would make a profit. Up until now, the camp hasn't broken even because of the interruptions that have been caused by some disciplinary problems that have just recently developed. There have been more guys sent back since the new superintendent got there some six months ago than there has been in the history of the camp. It is not my task to comment upon the whys and hows with regard to that situation. Maybe to say that if you are considering coming down to the Middle Tennessee FORESTRY CAMP, you've got to keep in mind that they're now giving something away for free, and you are going to be expected to keep your act pretty tight if you're going to make the grade.

Recreation facilities there are inferior to what guys at Springhill are used to. There is no gymnasium, auditorium or hobby shop, and nights and weekends can be long and boring. There is a pool table for the hustlers in the crowd (watch out for a dude named Charlie), two television sets, a dart board, ping-pong table, a set of bowling for a while the woods couldn't tire out, a movie once a week, a limited space to walk around outside (no walks in the woods in the summertime), visits from family and friends on weekends only, and not much else. The correctional staff, for the most part are decent guys but like in all prisons, there are a couple the guys there would rather be without. It too is with little provocation to one another, people just naturally tend to get on one another's nerves, but the guys seemed to get along quite well together. And, as indicated earlier in this article, the superintendent, BOB MITCHELL, being of Upper-Canadian stock and anxious to get the camp on a profit-making basis, is making demands that are new to the camp, causing some dissension among the ranks, both staff and Day Parolee-wise. Only half-jokingly, I was told that people at the camp call their superintendent, The Ayatollah, and his second-in-command, The Shah. From the hour-and-a-half conversation I had with him I suspect that he chuckles whenever he hears the name-calling. He struck me as the kind of man who is going to go after what he wants, and that if you have other ideas you had best come prepared.

(Scrawwwwk... it's a bummer, it's a bummer... scrawwwwk -- from that same, black crow, this time hopping down the roadway....)

I had supper with the guys when they came in from the bush at 3:30. The food was excellent... and cheap too! It costs you \$35 a week and you can eat all you want. The kitchen trailer isn't FAT FRANK'S on Spring Garden Road but it isn't NORM'S GRILL in Cabbagetown either. It's clean and bright and the cook has a good, hot meal waiting for you and a smile to go with it. After supper the guys all headed for their trailers to take showers and change their clothes. I headed over to the recreation trailer and shot a game of pool (and lost....), while waiting for the guys to finish cleaning up. A number of them had signified earlier that they wanted to talk with me before I left... "to tell me like it really is."

When I was out talking with the guys in the bush, not one knocked the work... they all liked it, and some were planning on doing it when they got out. The bottom line to everything that was said was that the SCOTT PAPER COMPANY employees, without exception, were really fine guys to work with and learn from. Guys like HARRY SUTHERLAND, who works as hard as any man in the woods and who is always ready to give you a hand at whatever, make the bush a good place to work. The only complaints I heard that had to do with the kind of work guys were doing came from the only Day Parolees in the camp employed by the C.S.C. One is the camp maintenance man and the other is camp cleaner. Both do more work than they would if they were in Springhill, and neither gets what some guys here are getting. They earn \$40 a week and they don't have access to the same quality of recreational facilities as we do, although they do have a guarantee of being paroled at the end of their six-month stint. I was told their pay-scale is being looked at and is expected to go up.

The next started filtering into the recreation hall, all looking strong and healthy, shiny cheeks and clear eyes. There wasn't a "beer belly" among them and I got the sense that what I was about to hear was said as much in jest as anything. I walked away with the feeling that I had just been witness to a case of "cabin crazies"—that dreaded local phenomenon that likens to the worst of being out there and only unfortunate enough to have to spend more than a few hours with his own kind.

"The friggen Ayatollah thinks we should do everything he wants, without his having to give us anything. He wants us to work for free for some Boat People but he won't bend an inch for us...."

"Too many guys come up here thinkin' it's more'n it is. They only just started sendin' one of us down to Springhill to explain to guys after they've been accepted what they're gettin' themselves into."

"The local stores overcharge us just because we're inmates...."

(From the back of the trailer someone was imitating a chicken going, "Brrrrraaaaaak, brrrrak, brrrrak. Brrrrraaaaaak, bitch, bitch. Brrrrraaaaaak, bitch, bitch...")

Another guy said, "Yeh... but let's not get carried away. I'd rather do six months here and then hit the street than stay in Springhill for my whole bit."

"How about the way the screws treat us when they take us on recreation trips into town? Some of them take counts right in front of the people on the street, they take you there in a penitentiary van and make you feel like shit... everybody knows where you're from. It's like the bulls don't want you to go out with them again. There's two staff here nobody wants to go out with...."

"Nothin' ever comes out of the weekly staff meetings that's for us... its always new rules, another way t' screw ya around."

"Hey, Man, where'd ya rather be? Stayin' at Springhill doin' the rest of your three years or gettin' outta here after doin' less than fifteen months on your whole bit?"

Red said, "Yah... it sure ain't like good old Dorchester. (Grinning from ear to ear) We sure got it tough. (I had the feeling he was the guy that had been imitating the chicken... probably had something to do with the crow too....)

Another guy sings out with, "They give you Day Parole but they don't give you no freedom with it. Jesus H. Christ, we can't even go for a walk after workin' all day."

"Shit, they won't even let you have your own money... they only let you carry \$25 in your pocket and you don't earn no interest on the money you got in the bank."

"When I went into town wit' a staff member and wouldn't stand up for the National Anthem at a hockey game, he told me that I shouldn't bother puttin' in for no more trips into town. What kinda shit is that?"

(Brrrrraaaaaak, brrrrak, brrrrak. Biiiiiitch, bitch, bitch...)

Steve said, "Hey, its so bad here, how come we're tellin' this guy and not just goin' back to Springhill?"

"Yeh, what th' hell... it ain't so bad. 'Cept for those bloody weekends, I really like workin' in the bush."

"Me too, but the Ayatollah still ain't God!"

"I wouldn't care so much about all the shit if those two staff assholes would stop puttin' the heat on us 'bout drinkin' and stuff when we ain't goin' in...."

Red says, "Hi Bernie, Junior, Gerry and Jack McD."

(Brrrrraaaaaak, brrrrak, brrrrak. Biiiiiitch, bitch, bitch...
BRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAK!!!! Jesus... something happened to the chicken.)

Most of the guys were standing around smiling... some had slightly sheepish grins on their faces, almost like they'd been caught at something ... something harmless. The sense I walked away with was that there were some legitimate complaints that need straightening out to improve conditions at the camp, but that, for the most part, things were an improvement over working for a dollar or so a day in plastic tokens like most of us do at Springhill. I also got the sense that things were going to loosen up a bit, once production interruptions lessened and the new superintendent, the staff and the guys worked out better ways to relate to one another.

SCOTT PAPER COMPANY has an investment of about a quarter of a million dollars in equipment alone at SHULIE LAKE FORESTRY CAMP. That's what it costs to buy items like Porters (for lugging wood around), Skidders (a smaller but more powerful unit for dragging logs out of the bush), four-wheel-drive vehicles for transporting people around in, a Slasher (the machine that cuts tree-length wood to length right on the job-site), and fire-fighting equipment (for when Smokey the Bear is too zonked). But, the

one piece of equipment that impressed me the most, even though I didn't get to see it, is called a Scarifier. It is a big barrel-like affair with huge knobs or spikes sticking out of it that gets dragged around behind a bulldozer over the land that has been clear-cut. It crushes stumps and all the limbs and underbrush that have been left on the ground to be recycled back into the soil. After the Scarifier has done its job, SCOTT PAPER COMPANY sends people in to replant the entire area they've cut, ensuring that not only will there be trees to replace the ones they've harvested but the new stock will be free of the Spruce Budworm infestation.

And it is something like that for the guys who go to SHULIE LAKE FORESTRY CAMP too. They, too, have made an investment. Six months of their time, their determination, their sweat, and their ability to get along under very tight living conditions should give them pride in having proved to themselves that they could stick it out. The cash returns they've earned give them a better chance at getting a new start on life once they hit the streets.

SHULIE LAKE CAMP is that... a good investment.



(A.A. continued...)

of his friends and family and self-respect, and how he now looks at bad times by saying to himself, "What the hell could trouble me after what booze put me through?" He says, "Take your own inventory, not someone else's." Again, an underlying tradition in A.A.... judging others is frowned upon, is not considered cool by the group.

JOE J. closed the afternoon's event by explaining that the banquet table at the back of the room had been prepared by EMERSON PAUL, MIKE DAVIS and JOE DENNIS. They, along with JOHN HENDERSON of the kitchen staff were thanked for their efforts. It didn't take long to tell if the food was appreciated. It disappeared rapidly... down the hatch.

Eleven years is a long time in a prison setting. Thousands of people come and go during those years and the stories keep unfolding. But one unchanging aspect in all the stories is that for the most part prisons are filled with people who need help to overcome aspects of themselves that are self-destructive. For my mind, the A.A. FAITHFUL GROUP at this institution supplies many people with reasons to think better of themselves... gives them hope for the future... but more importantly, makes today, this day, one more 24 hour period when they can be working and learning for the rest of their lives. A.A. works.



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SPORTSECTION

AL BALTZER

THE MAJOR SPORTING NEWS HERE AT SPRINGHILL IS BALL HOCKEY. At mid-season NUMBER EIGHT is where everyone expected them to be, which is first place, but some surprises have emerged elsewhere in the league. NUMBER TEN has stopped licking wounds and drafted a whole line from NUMBER NINE (AVERY, RUNDEL and MANNING), to become the main challengers. NUMBER ELEVEN, who were expected to be in a dead heat with NUMBER EIGHT all season lost big guns in POTTLE and MARSHALL, so with only one strong line led by DAVE WHITE, they've dropped back in the standings. The big surprise is NUMBER NINE. It would seem that that big overtime victory over NUMBER EIGHT in the Xmas tournament may have affected them adversely. They were not expected to finish big in the league, but then no-one would have figured they'd be totally wiped out. At first they suffered from the draft to NUMBER TEN and lately two more key personnel have been lost. Led by possibly the best ball hockey player in here, JIM BRYAN, it will still take a miracle to turn them into a real contender.

Ball Hockey fans were also treated to their first shut-out of the season, and I believe the first in a number of years, on Monday night, February 18th as DOUG CATTON held his ground and would not give in to NUMBER ELEVEN. The final score of that game was 6-0 for NUMBER EIGHT.

LEAGUE STANDINGS AS OF FEBRUARY THE 24th, 1980

	GP	W	T	L	GF	GA	PT
NUMBER EIGHT:	9	6	1	2	47	24	13
NUMBER TEN:	9	6	0	3	41	37	12
NUMBER ELEVEN:	9	4	1	4	41	46	9
NUMBER NINE:	9	0	2	0	29	51	2

TOP TEN SCORERS:

	UNIT	GP	G	A	PT
SULLIVAN	8	9	10	7	17
LUNN	8	9	9	7	16
WHITE	11	9	7	9	16
THORNE	10	9	9	6	15
HENNESSEY	10	9	7	7	14
CORMIER	8	9	7	4	11
ATKINSON	9	9	7	4	11
AVERY	10	9	4	7	11
RUNDEL	10	9	7	4	11
BRYAN	9	9	5	4	9

GOALIES:

	UNIT	GP	GA	AV.	S.O.
CATTON	8	6	16	2.67	1
DOURSIERS	8	3	8	2.67	0
THOMPSON	10	9	37	4.11	0
COLLINS	11	2	10	5.00	0
AYLES	11	7	36	5.14	0
STEPHENS	9	9	51	5.67	0

IN OTHER SPORTS, there proved to be little interest in BASKETBALL this year so no league was formed.

A pleasant surprise for BADMINTON PLAYERS was a clinic held here on January 29th by ROD McCULLY, the Provincial Coordinator for that sport. The clinic consisted of instruction in the basic fundamentals, with drills to improve one's game, as well as an educational film.

There have also been a couple of enjoyable T.A.s this winter to play hockey against the staff. I don't understand why, but they always seem to win. Nobody really cares though. The big thing is just to get out and have some fun.

Which is where I'm going to leave you... have fun, Sports.

WORKING AS A LIVING UNIT OFFICER IN A medium-security Canadian prison has many facets to it, but one thing is for sure, it is the kind of job where things are for the most part pretty repetitions; you know, you get to do the same things over and over again. Which should mean that Living Unit staff are particularly good at participating in board meetings (otherwise known as gangland rendezvous), making quick and decisive decisions (sometimes seen as being impulsive and authoritarian), relegating authority (also known as passing the buck) and efficiently able to follow orders and utilize teamwork (which some call narrow and establishment-minded thinking).

Well, this writer has been witness to the exaggerations mentioned in the above-mentioned assumptions... not only are they not very good at giving us a hard time but they can't play ball hockey either!

Staff in Number Ten, fresh from a unit staff meeting made the mistake of boasting about their abilities at utilizing the team management concept. One of our guys overheard the idle boast and the glove of challenge was thrown down; they were challenged to a game of ball hockey, giving them the option of choosing which night the game would be played. Cunningly, they chose a night when there was a skin-flick being shown in the auditorium, assuming that our players would demonstrate the same kind of dedication to the team as they do to attendance at unit meetings. But, unbeknownst to staff, the COMMUNICATOR in their frenzy for a story had put a bounty on the head (arms and legs counted too) of each staff member -- our own kind of skin game, so to speak) and a full complement turned out for the Good Guys.

The first stringers for our team were AL BURNETT and GATEAN GADOURY on defence, with MEL REDDICK, DREW HENNESSY and HEDLEY AVERY on the forward line. GLEN THOMPSON was in goal. Our second stringers were EDDY MANNING, RICKEY RUNDEL and GERRY JOSEPHS in the front line, with JIMMY LEBLANC and HARTLEY ATKINSON playing defence. They were beautiful....

The staff turned out LLOYD (Left Elbow) LEGER, DONNY (Killer) LAURIE and CHUCK (the Import) STONEHOUSE for their first line. On defence was GEORGE (Pough, Sesame Street) BEATON and DOUG (Crusher) DOBSON. They had haha ha ha... AMOS haha ha ha (three-for-a-chocolate-bar) ATSATATA in goal... God-damn, these guys were easy....



They came out like tigers looking for a lamb. The first victim to hit the floor was our DREW (Whatsamattayou) HENNESSY. He was viciously attacked when he was looking up(?) by no less than four of the Bad Guys. It was hard to watch... the brutality was almost too much for the audience of seven to stomach. But DREW didn't take it lying down... he jumped to his feet and was knocked to the floor again by DOUG (Crusher) DOBSON... one of the most vicious meanies I've seen in a long time. It was terrible....

But the Good Guys weren't slow to justify themselves (all those unit meetings we have to put up with have got to be worth something) and GATEAN GADOURY blasted one from the point, nearly knocking AMOS (That's-one-you-owe-me) ATSATATA off his feet. Our guys were up for the game and had been planning strategy all week. We had even gone so far as to convince some of the staff that because AMOS ATSATATA is an Eskimo he would make the best

THE
GANG
WHO
COULDN'T
SHOOT
STRAIGHT.



by bob eby

choice for a fill-in goalie. The logic we used on them sounded like something you'd expect to hear at a parole hearing... "Hey, Man, he's the best thing you can get... Just think about it; Eskimoes just love seal flippers... we won't be able to get a puck past him." They went for it, too! Silly buggers forgot the puck in ball hockey is made of red plastic. I can't wait to go up for my parole hearing....

Speaking of parole hearings... our Classification dude, GLEN (Mandatory) MANTHORNE didn't show up for the game. There were quite a few guys disappointed when GLEN couldn't make it... there were others who didn't care because they had had the presence of mind to bring their own GLEN MANTHORNE dolls with them... the team supplied the pins.

To insure there would be no injuries and that the game would be run fairly, we had MARTY SMITH, PHIL CHAULK, SMITTY BLAND and CHARLIE FORGERE there as officials. They called a tight game, only missing what everyone could see and never blowing the whistle when a good trip would do. "Too many men on the floor!" meant "You're getting warm...." to MARTY and the boys, and they made no unnecessary decisions, leaving all those to the non-partisan audience, made up of guys from the unit. It was the best game I ever called....

The Bad Guys, DOBSON'S RAIDERS, worked hard at retaining their claim to that title. Going into corners with any one of them was disastrous... with two was a party... and three or more made for what looked like a daisy chain which could have led to charges of delicious assault. I had thought this was to be a hockey game... not a group grope. "Jesus, they can't keep their hands off each other."

When it looked like the Bad Guys had almost had enough, they would call on a pair of heavies. GARY (You-lay-one-friggen-finger-on-me-and-there-go-your-T.L.A.s-forever) GALLAGHER and ARNOLD (Never-mind-the-bullshit) YOUNG would come roaring in from the bench where they'd been kept chained, waiting an opportunity to do the most damage. Oh, Mother, it was hard to watch... they almost got themselves killed. You didn't have to touch them: they were exhausted and sinking to their knees by the time they hit the center line, and GARY GALLAGHER kept tripping over the blue line, yelling "Who the hell left that lying there?"

I would have thought with all the practice some of these guys get passing the buck they would have been whizzes at whipping the puck around. Not so... every time CHUCK STONEHOUSE would lob a pass over DOUG (Crusher) DOBSON'S way, the Masher would get all flustered, teeheeing and covering his nose and mouth with his hand. Their experience in the board rooms didn't do them much good either... our guys showed them that getting bored in a boardroom wasn't quite the same as getting boarded in hockey. There wasn't much counselling and discussion going on in the corners... there was a sense of urgency prevailing that we don't ordinarily see in the unit....

The final score was an indecent 15-2. CHUCK STONEHOUSE got one, GEORGE (Sesame Street) BEATON got another and DONNY (Killer) LAURIE scored too. Yeh... I know, that's three... okeh, 15-3.

GERRY JOSEPHS was the big scorer for the Good Guys. He got 4 goals, with DREW HENNESSY coming up with a hat trick (he couldn't figure what he was supposed to do with the jock cup). HEDLEY AVERY got a hat trick too but had more sense; he put his in the net giving him four goals. RICKEY RUNDEL picked up a goal, MEL REDDICK got one, and so did JIMMY LEBLANC and GATEAN GADOURY.

Although our guys played like Saints and Angels, we got the most penalties. Most of ours were for minor things, like having too many men on the floor (with none standing); tripping was also a favorite; as was four of our guys jumping CECIL SPARKS, the Dark Horse on the staff team, and wrestling him to the floor. We even got penalized for playing AL BURNETT.

The staff got all of their penalties for the most vicious and brutal of infractions. Bad Guys like POUGH BEATON kept "holding" -- in court they call it attempted mugging, and CRUSHER DOBSON went to the box for cross-checking -- he kept yelling something about "I was smiling when I did it!"

The game was fun to watch, and once we got an oxygen mask strapped on some of the staff, they seemed to be able to laugh about it. The one big shortcoming to the game though was when we learned that GARY JACKSON had sprained his wrist at the legion and wouldn't be able to make the game. Some of our guys were heard saying, "Aw, gee, gosh darn it, I so wanted to play with Gary...."

A good time was had by some and there is a rumour that we'll be doing it again soon... just as soon as the administration learns that a referee sending one of our guys to the penalty box is different from getting two weeks in the Hole....



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Life is hard.

And, you don't need me to remind you, there are times when it even seems hopeless.

A situation here that is the most frustrating and seemingly hopeless is that we cannot get our copy out every two months on time, even though we've been scrambling over the past year to do just that. The reason for this is that even though the administration here give us a high degree of cooperation, and quite regularly downright assistance, if something goes wrong with our equipment or supply lines in the middle of a run, our delivery dates can be set back a month or more while waiting for rectification. Which is exactly what just happened to us, just when we were on the verge of catching up and recovering from our last set-back.

We don't mean to make excuses for why we are late in getting to you again... we are sorry that this is the case. But we are concerned that you, our reading public, might misunderstand and adopt an attitude about us that would lead you to think that we don't care about how you feel about us. We do. That's what the COMMUNICATOR is all about, that's what we've been saying since 1972.

Please, be assured, we are doing our best and will continue to.

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"HUNGER" on page 9 and "NATURAL LAW" on page 18 were first published in A -- a journal of contemporary literature, Spring 1979. More of the same is available from A Press Ltd. Box 206, LAGUNA, N.M. 87026 for \$1.50 (American).

"LOVE POEM" on page 18 came to us from CHOMO-URI, a really find women's cooperative publication who were forced out of print for lack of funding.

"FUNERALIZING" was first published in AUNTIE BELLUM - A Southern Journal for Women, whose address changed without leaving a new one.

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